

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

10006-407
JULY



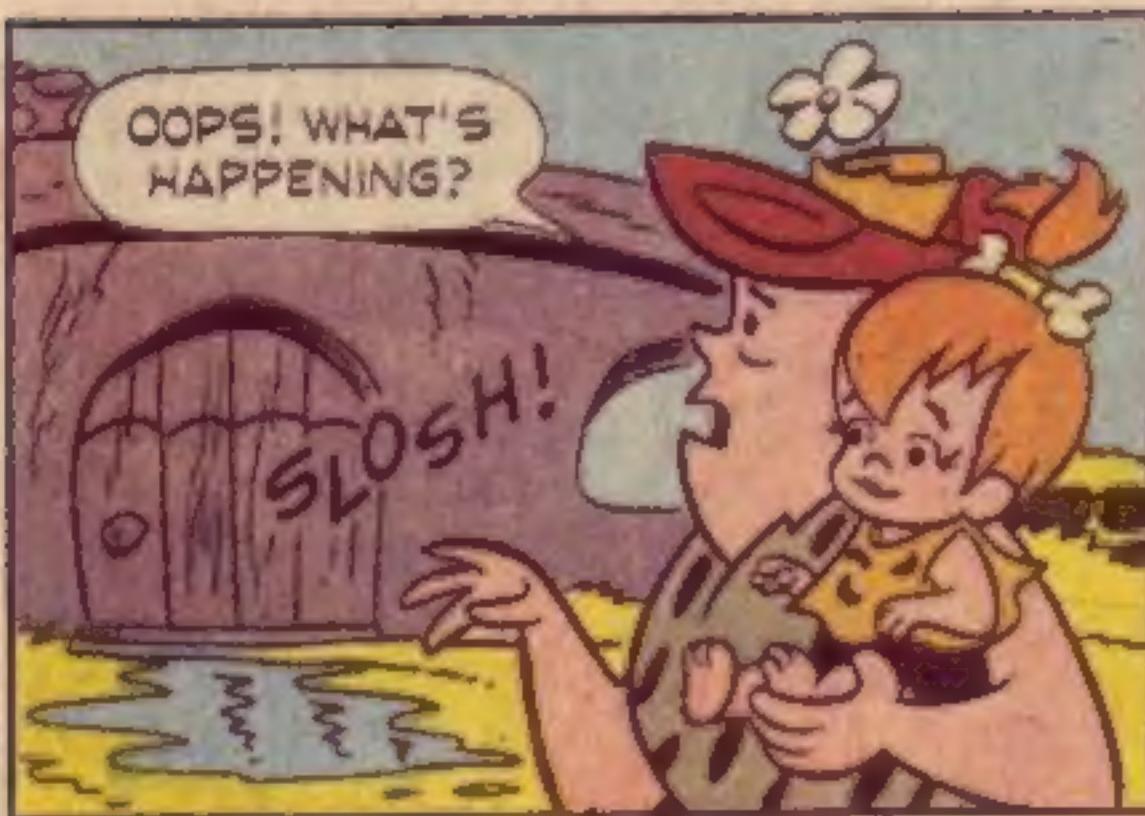
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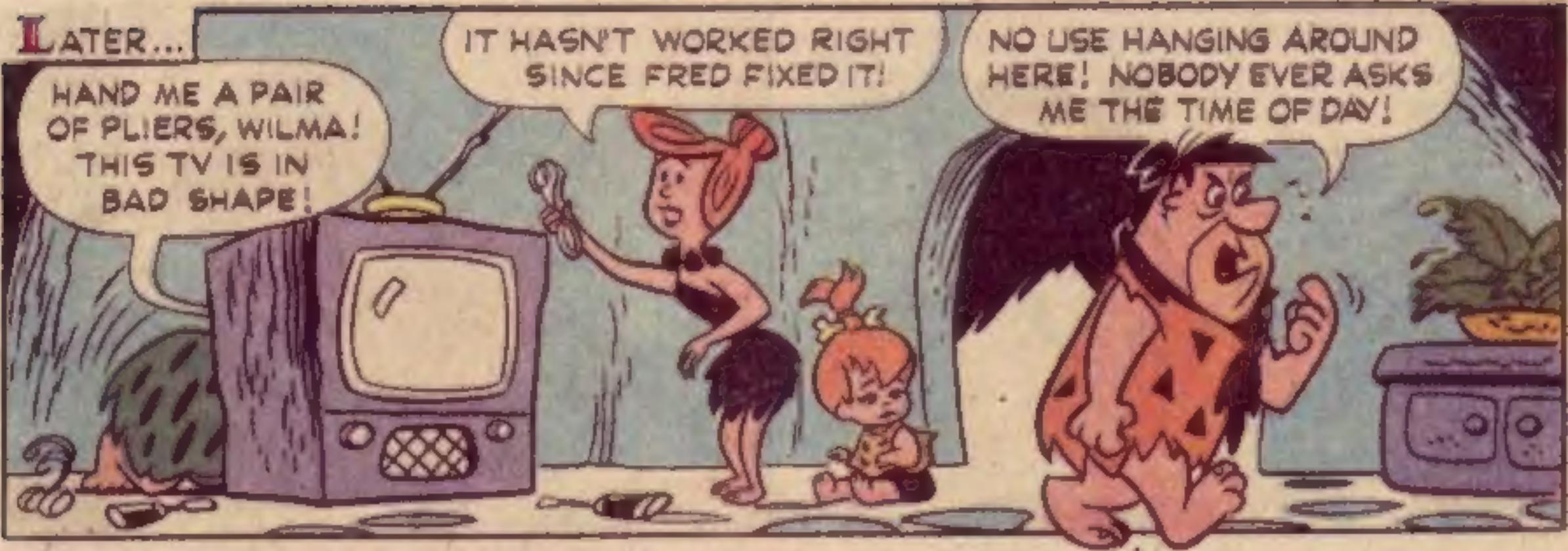
THE FLINTSTONES MOTHER WAS A MECHANIC



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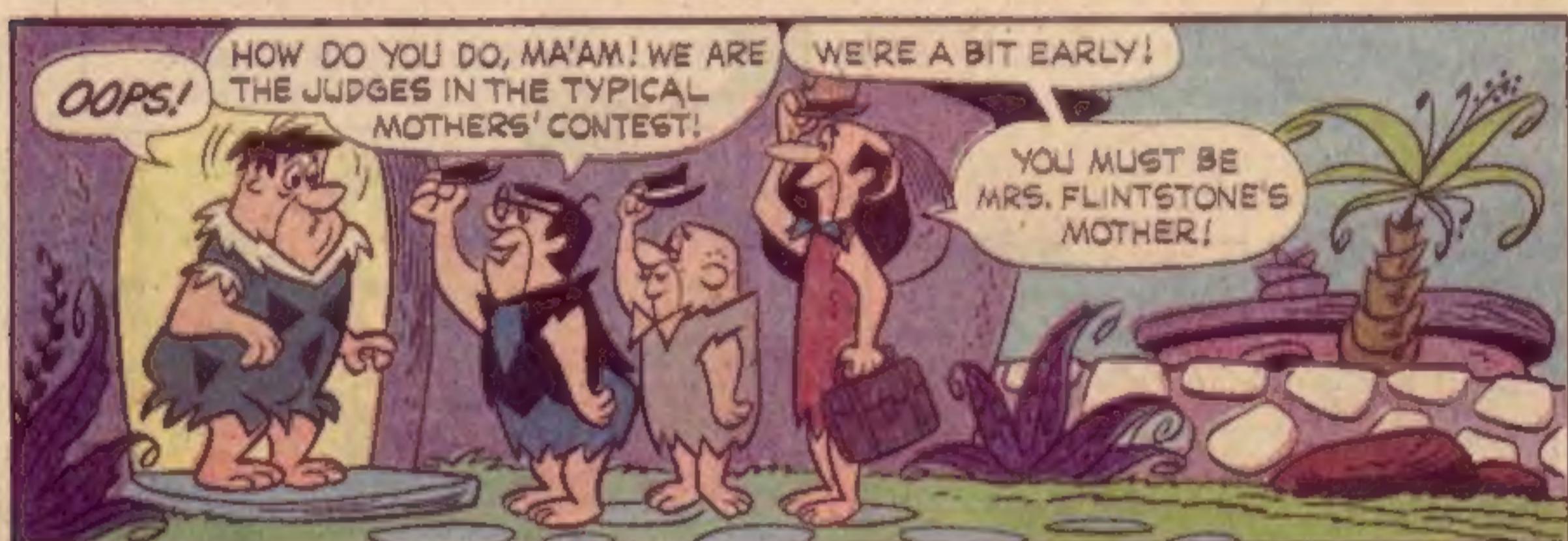
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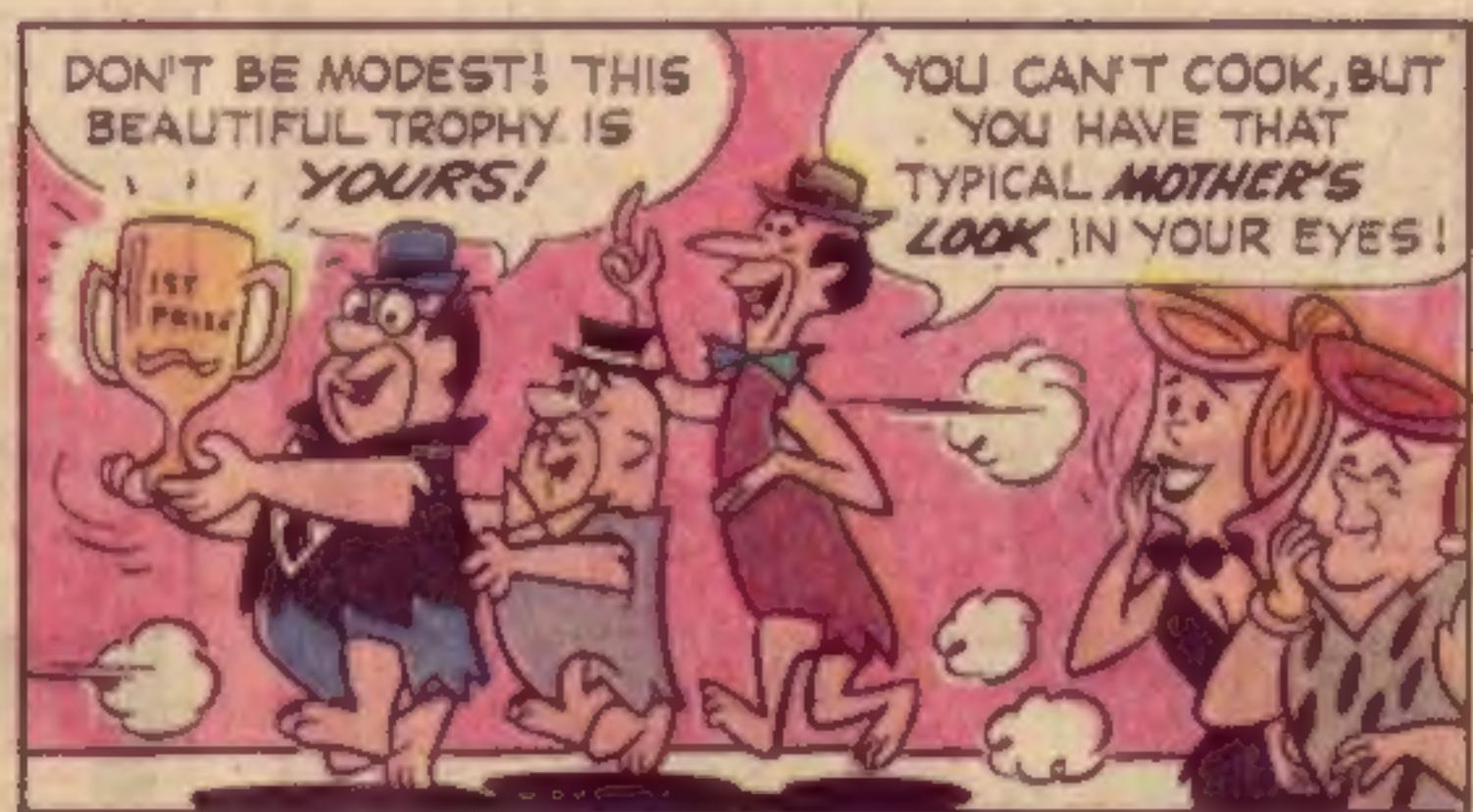
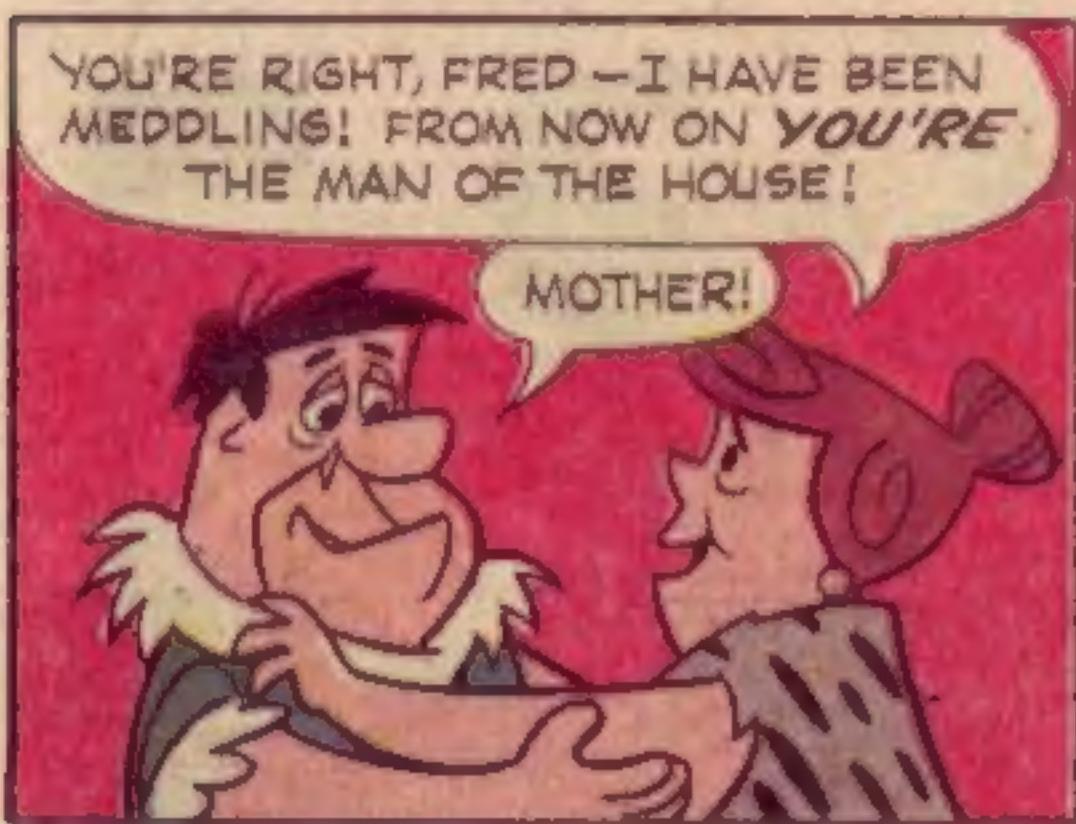


AND THE DAY THE JUDGES ARE EXPECTED...



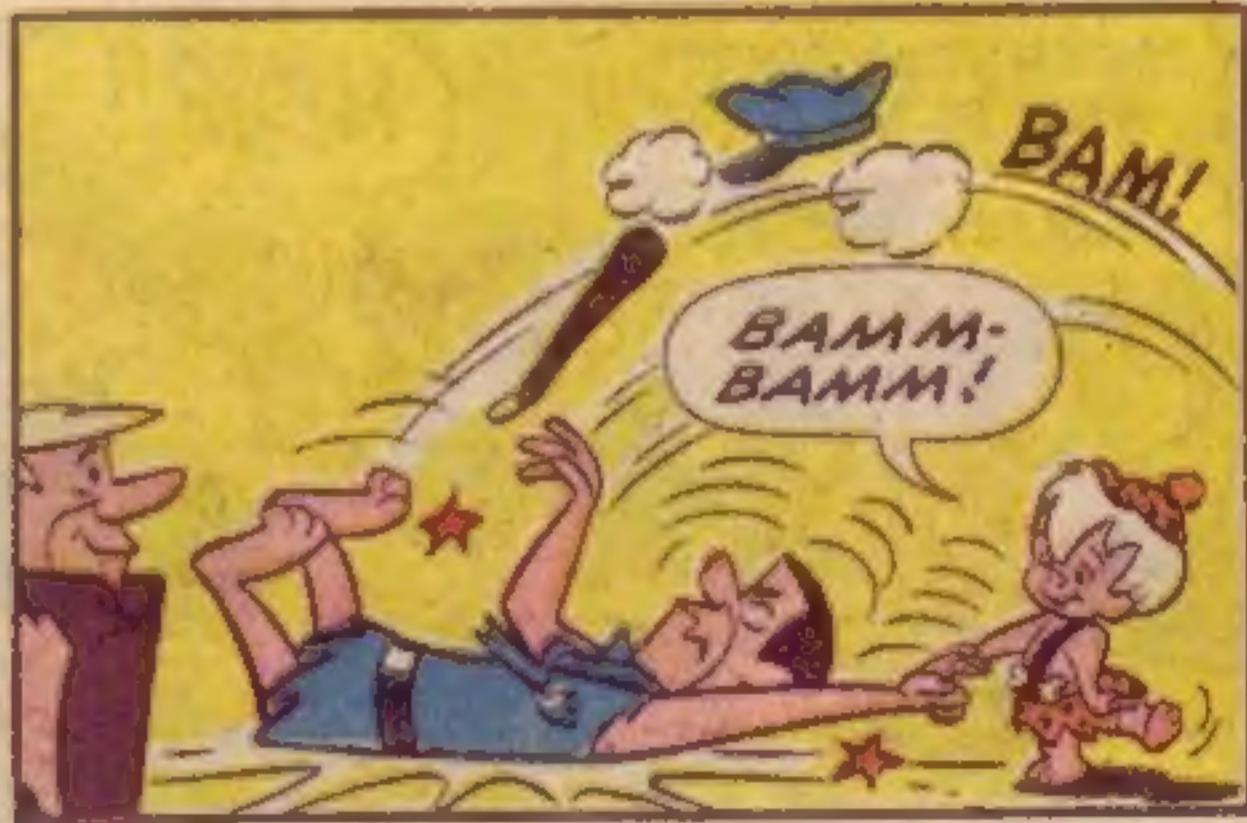
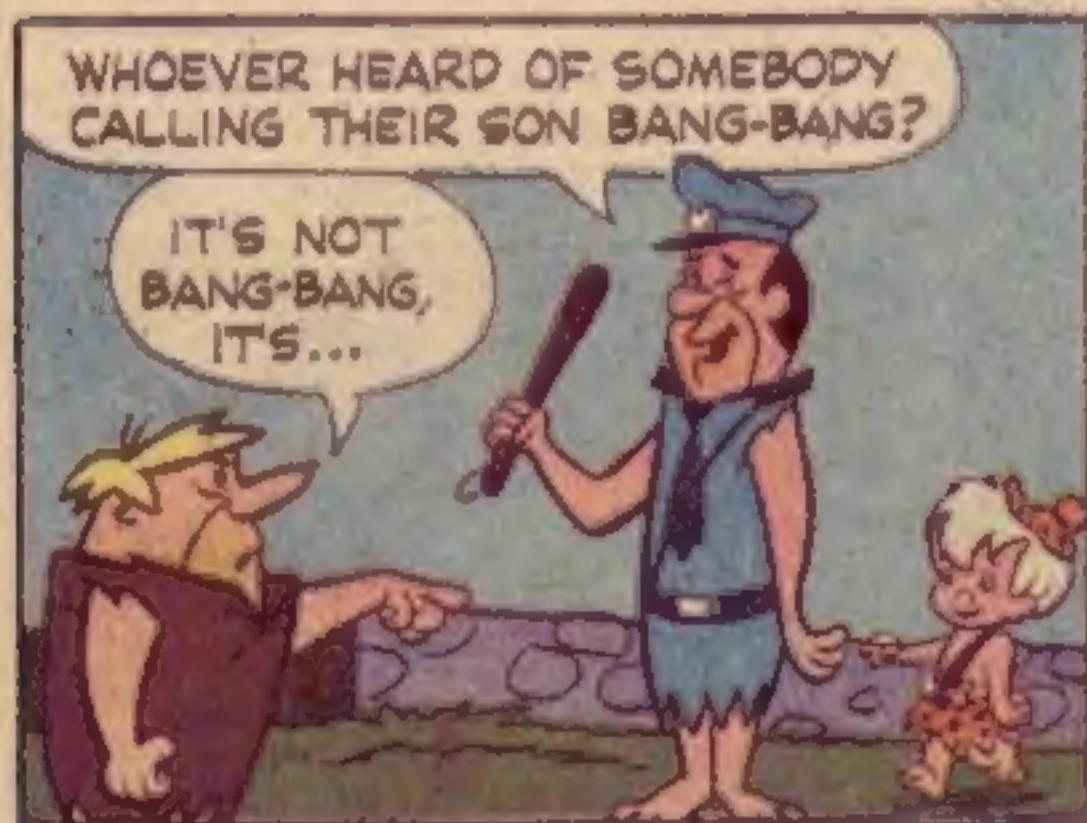




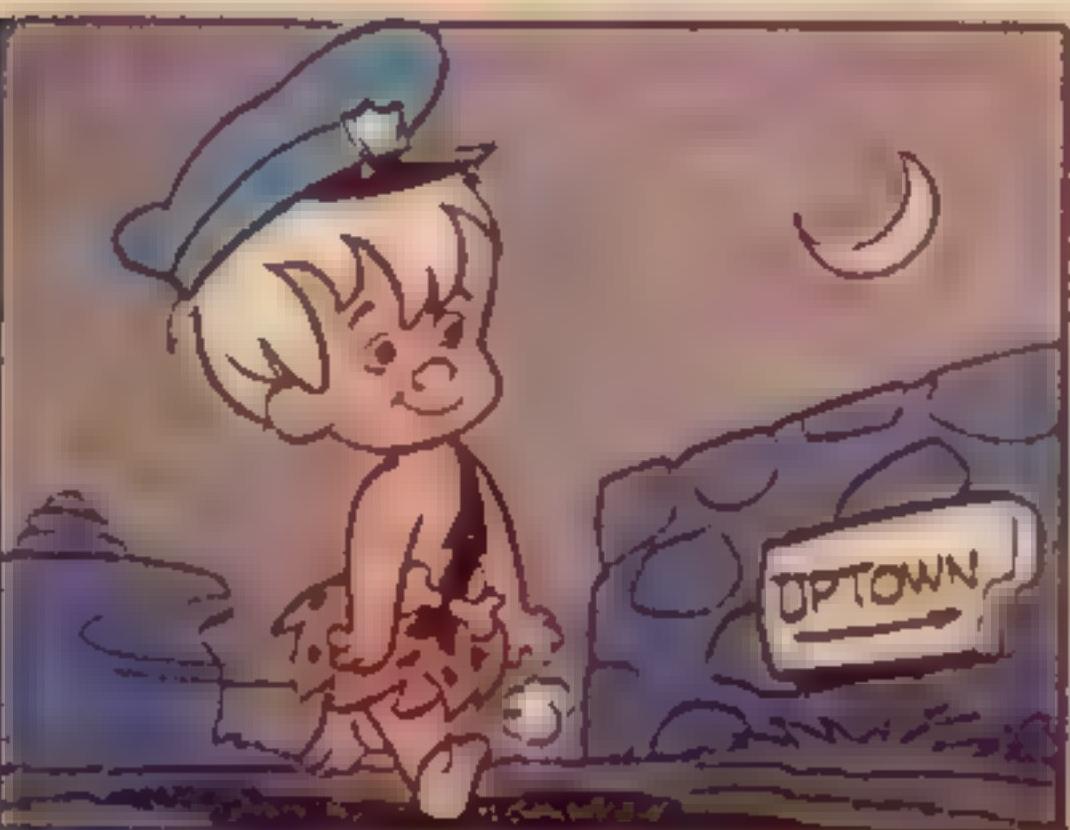
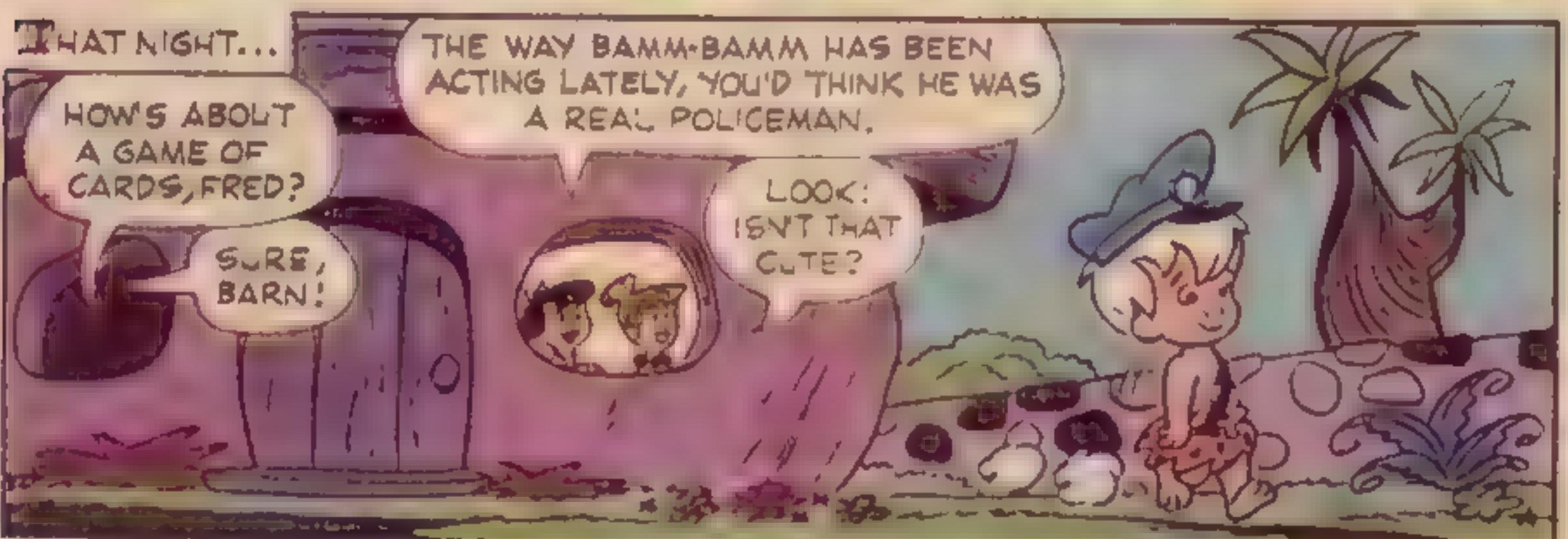
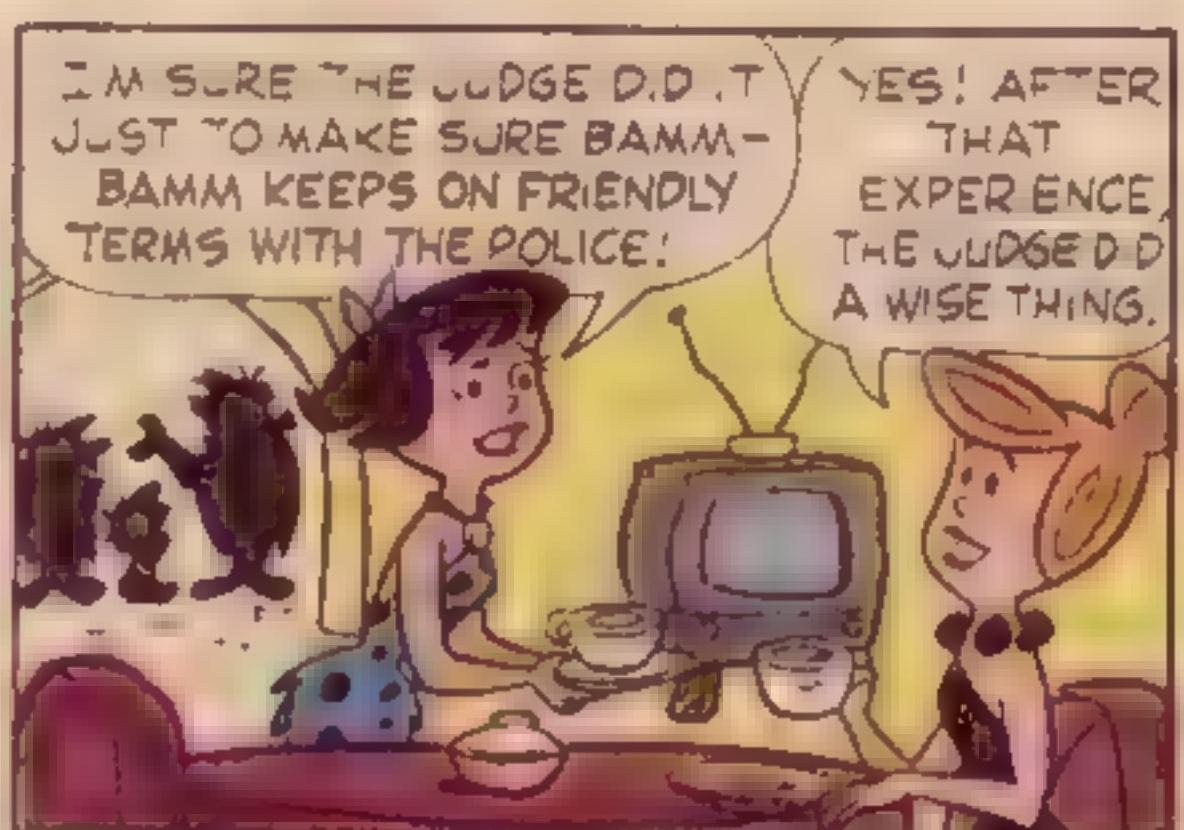
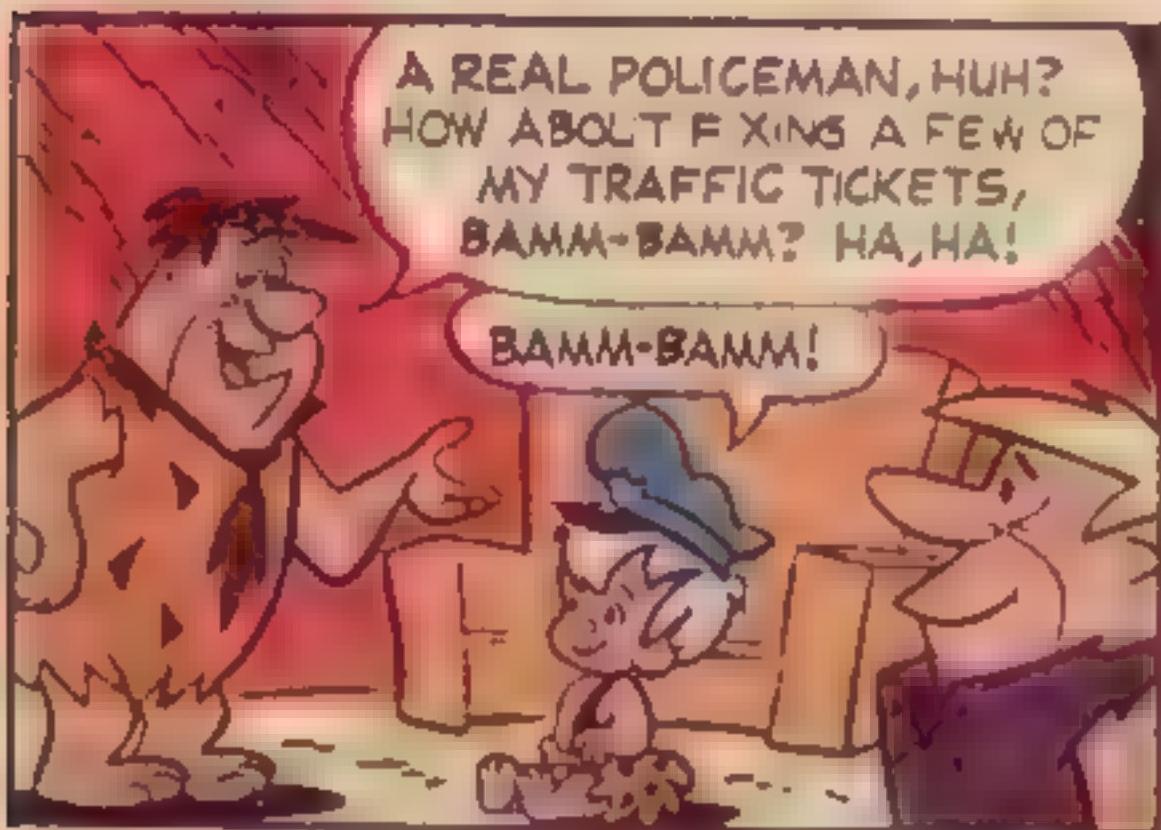
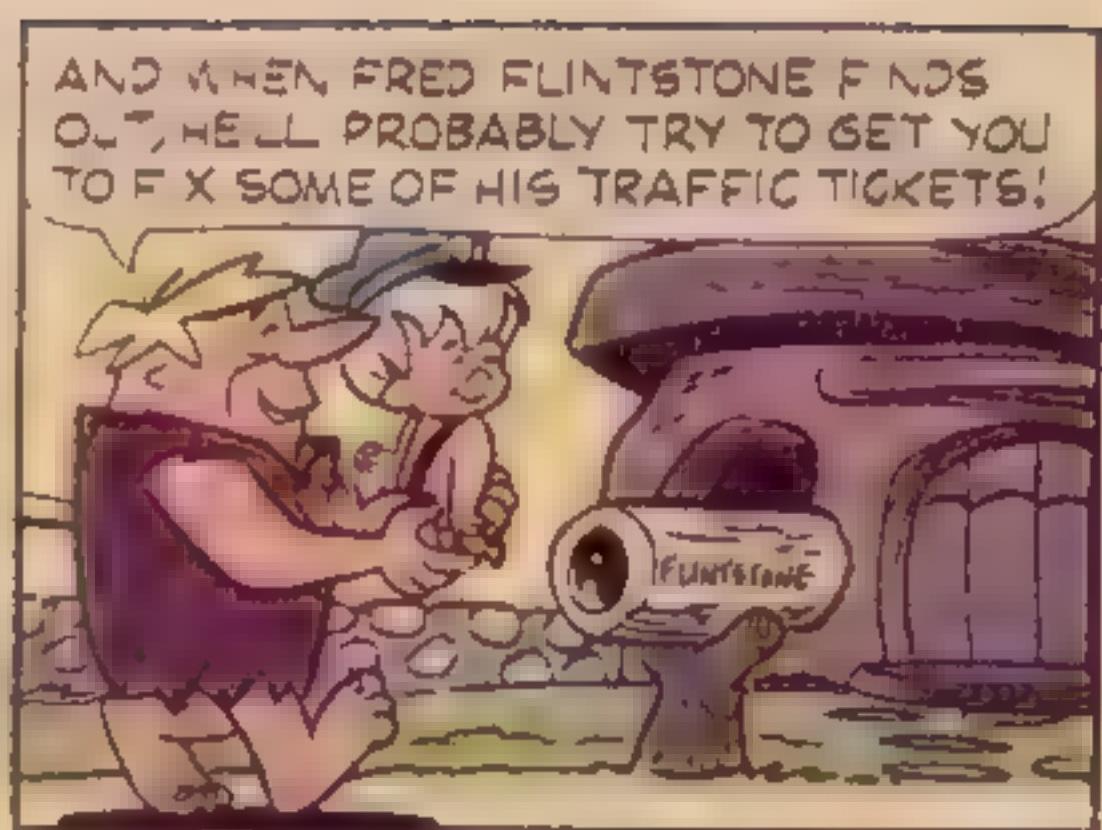
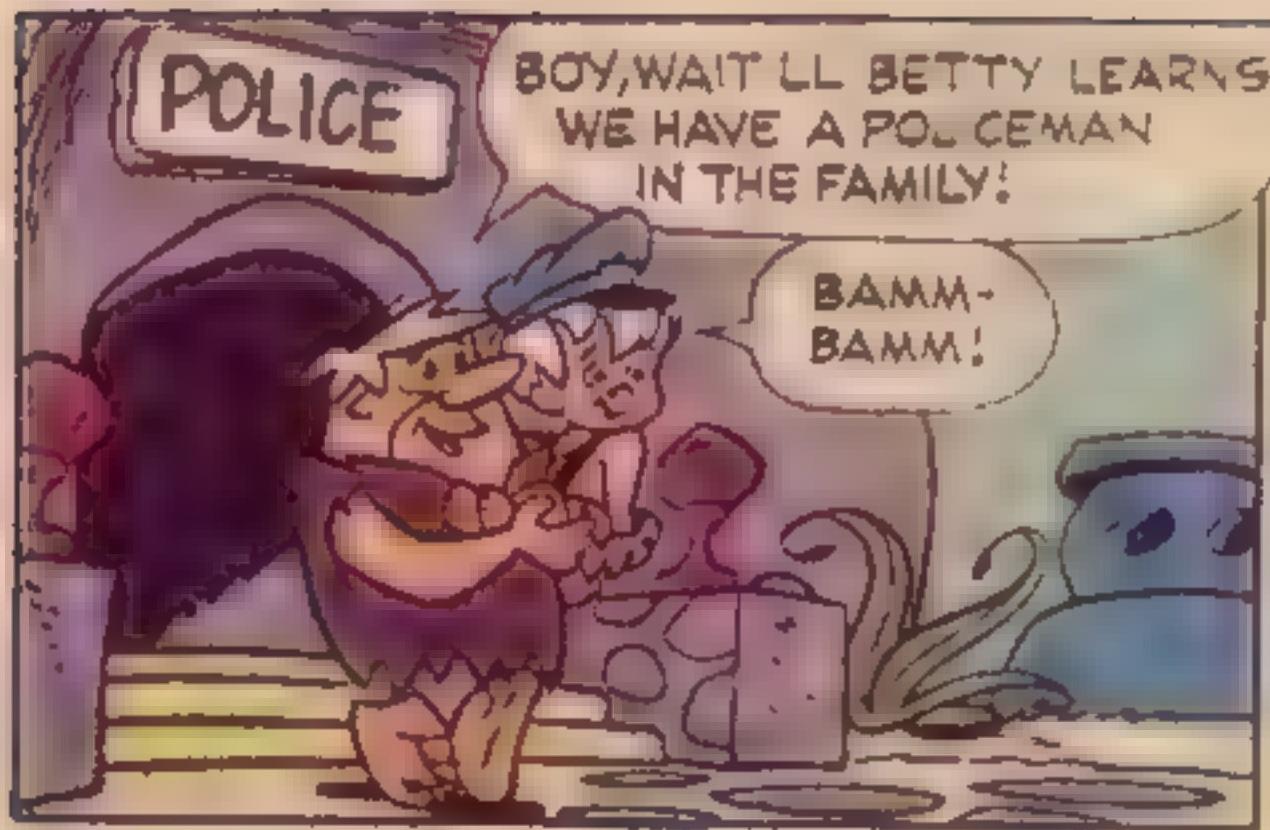


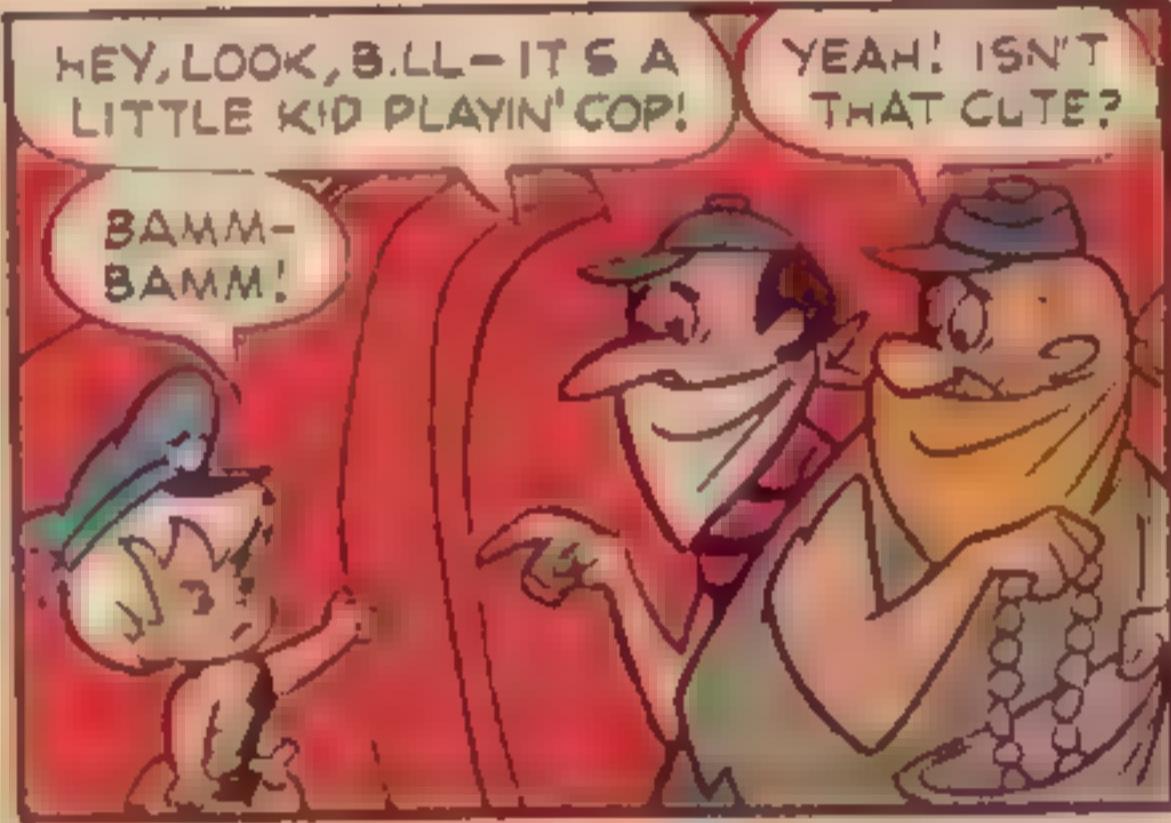
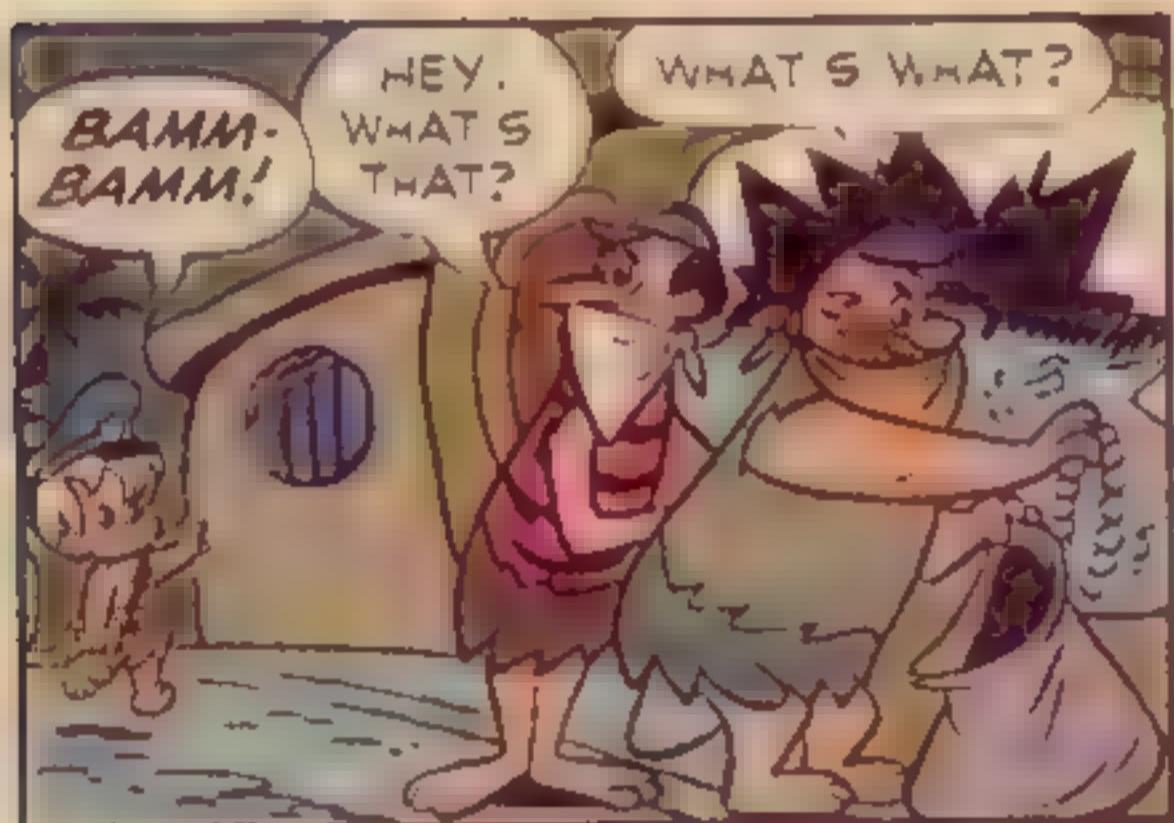
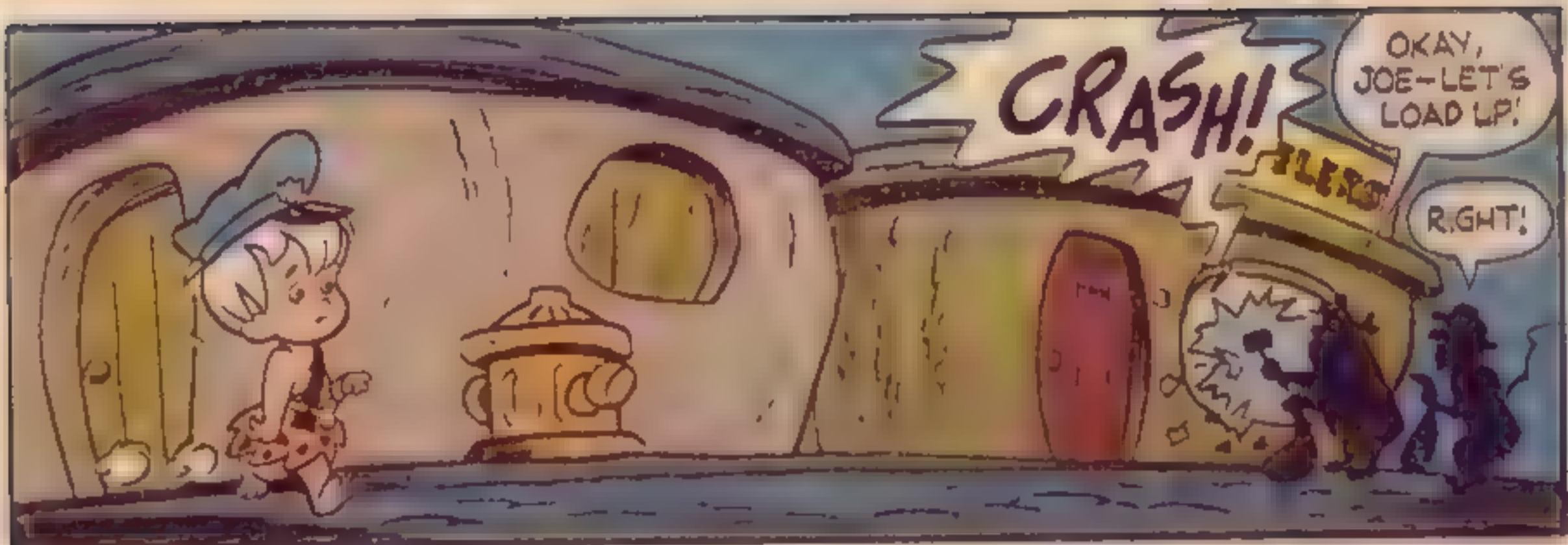
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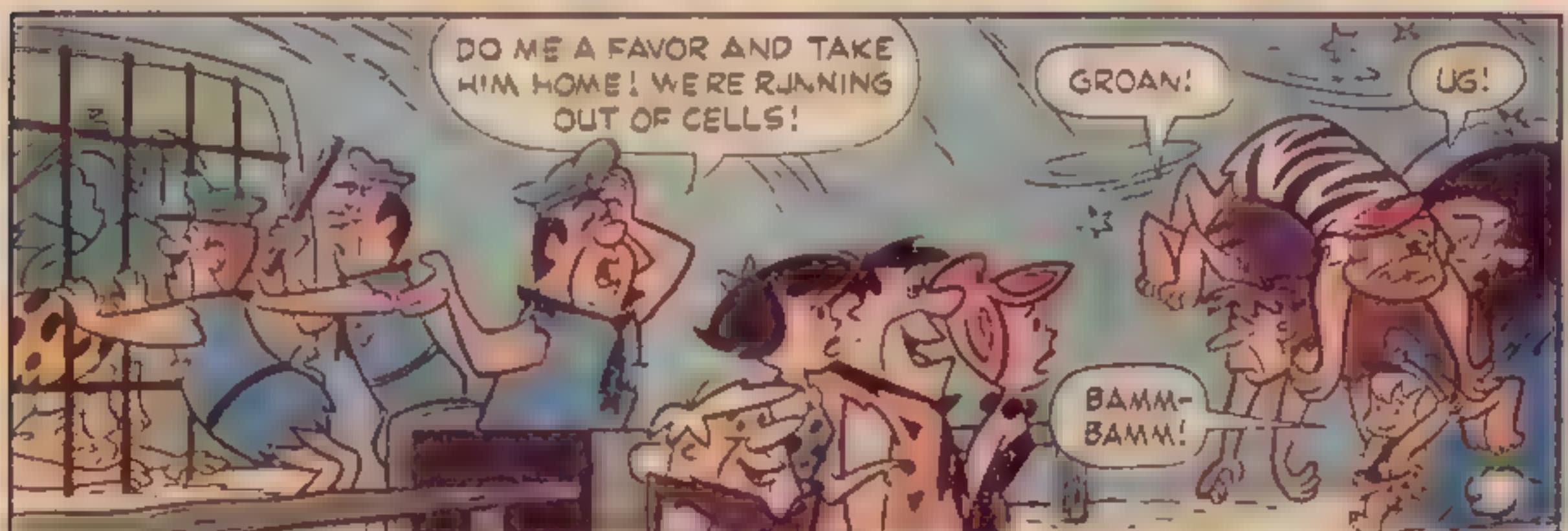
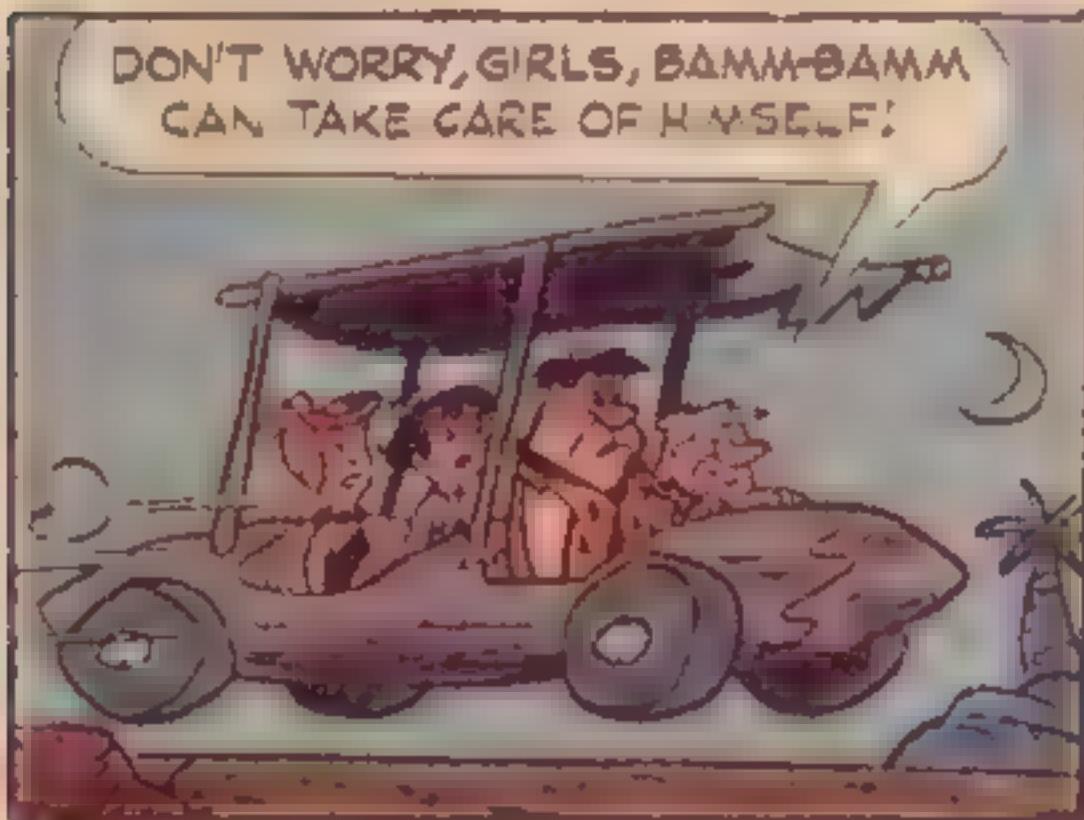
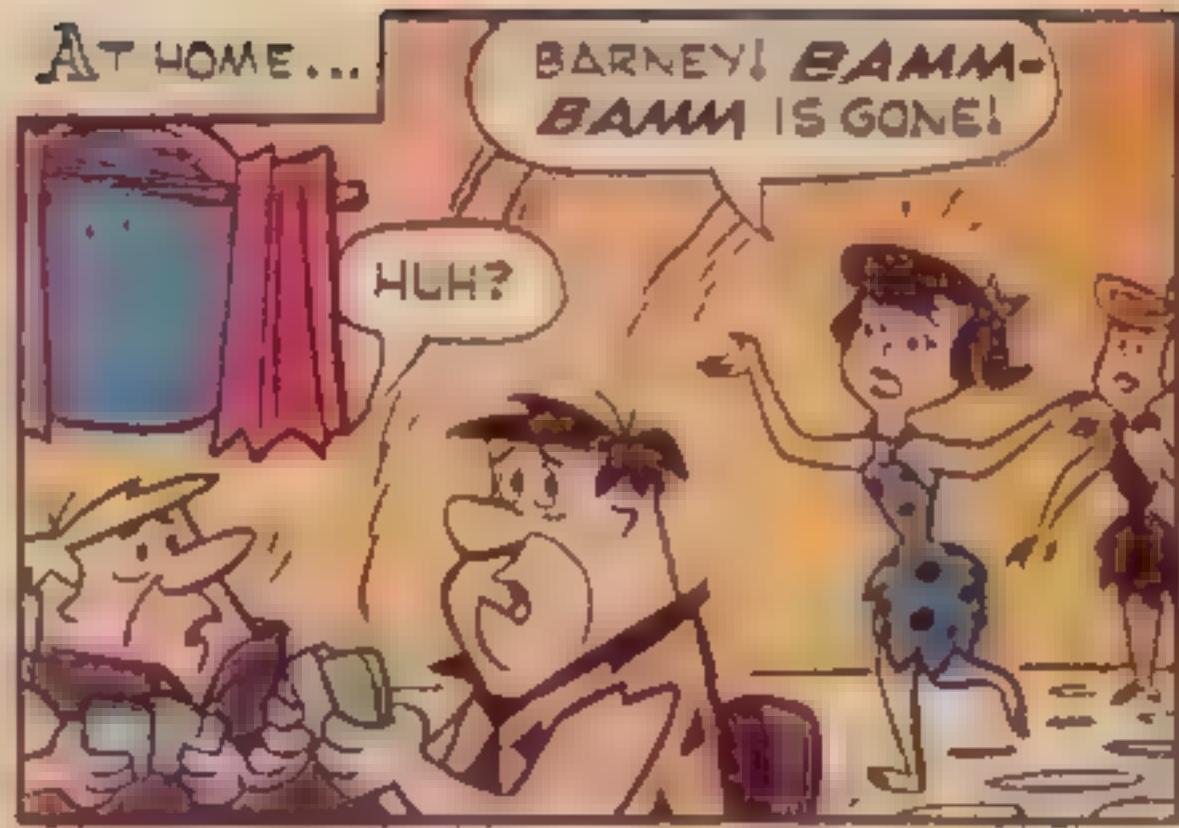
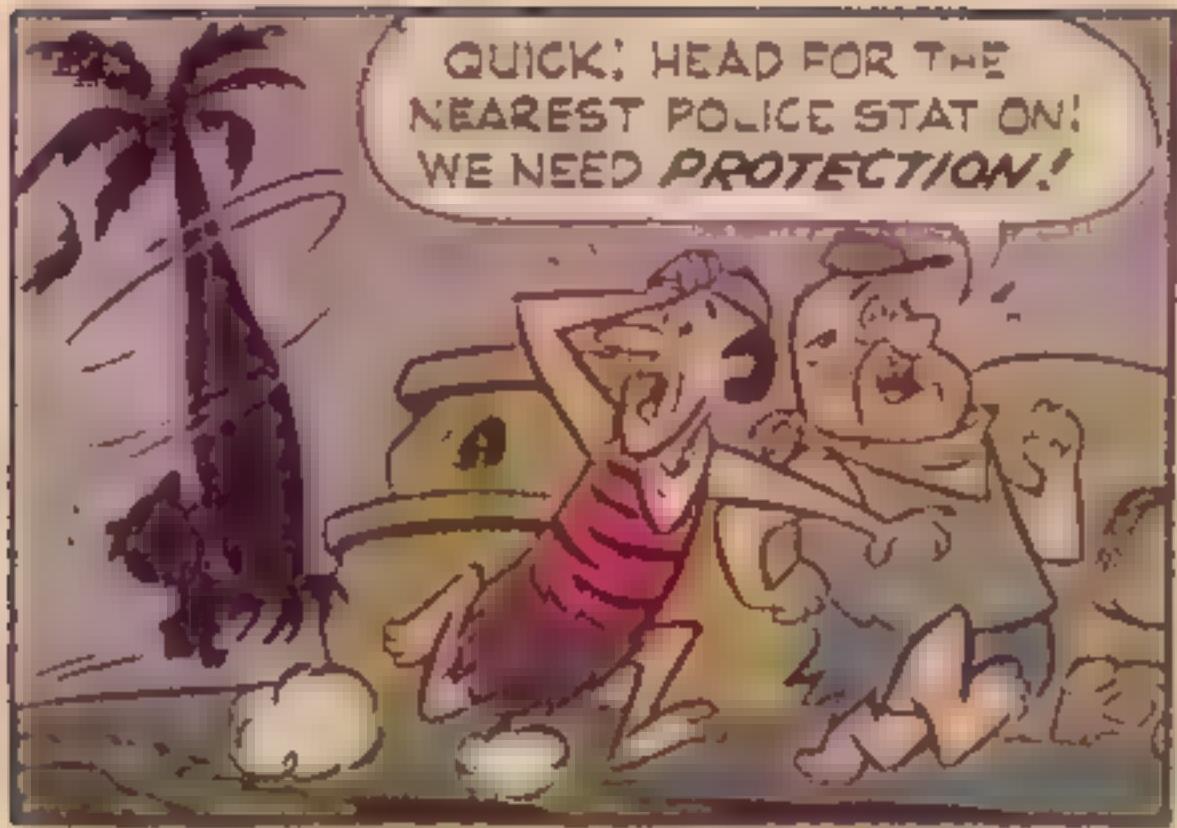
THE FLINTSTONES SMALL BUT MIGHTY











Hanna Barbera MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

The TEA PARTY PANIC

EVERY WEEK GOONDA'S GRL FR ENDS GET TOGETHER TO S P TEA AND SWAP HEXES...

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CUP OF BAT WING TEA!

AND THESE OWL CLAW COOKIES ARE WONDERFUL!

I GOT THE RECIPE FROM VERA VAMP RE!

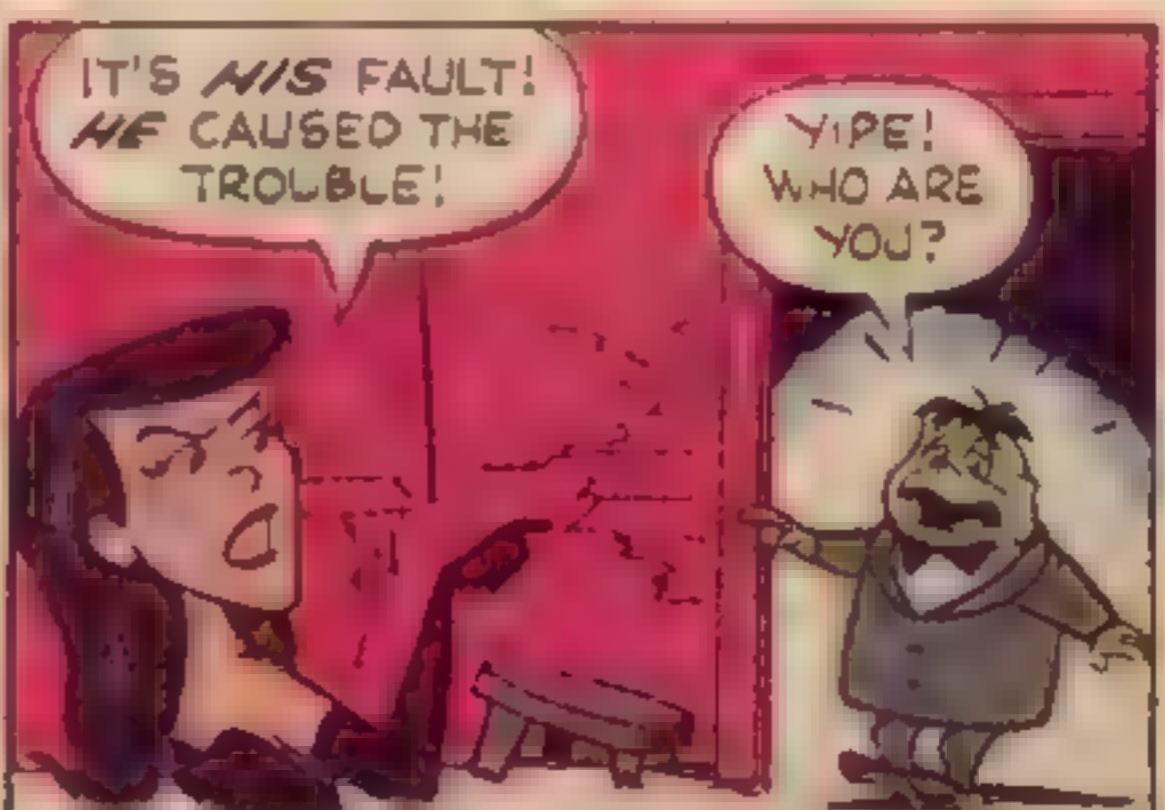
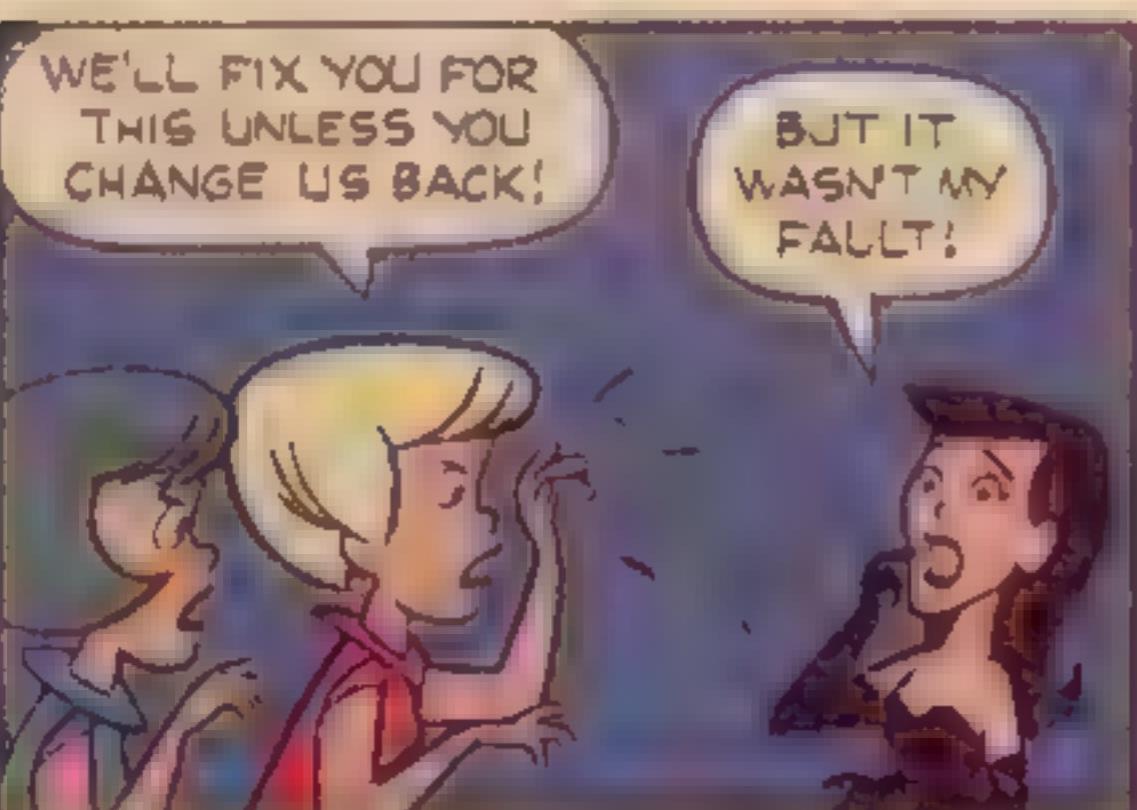
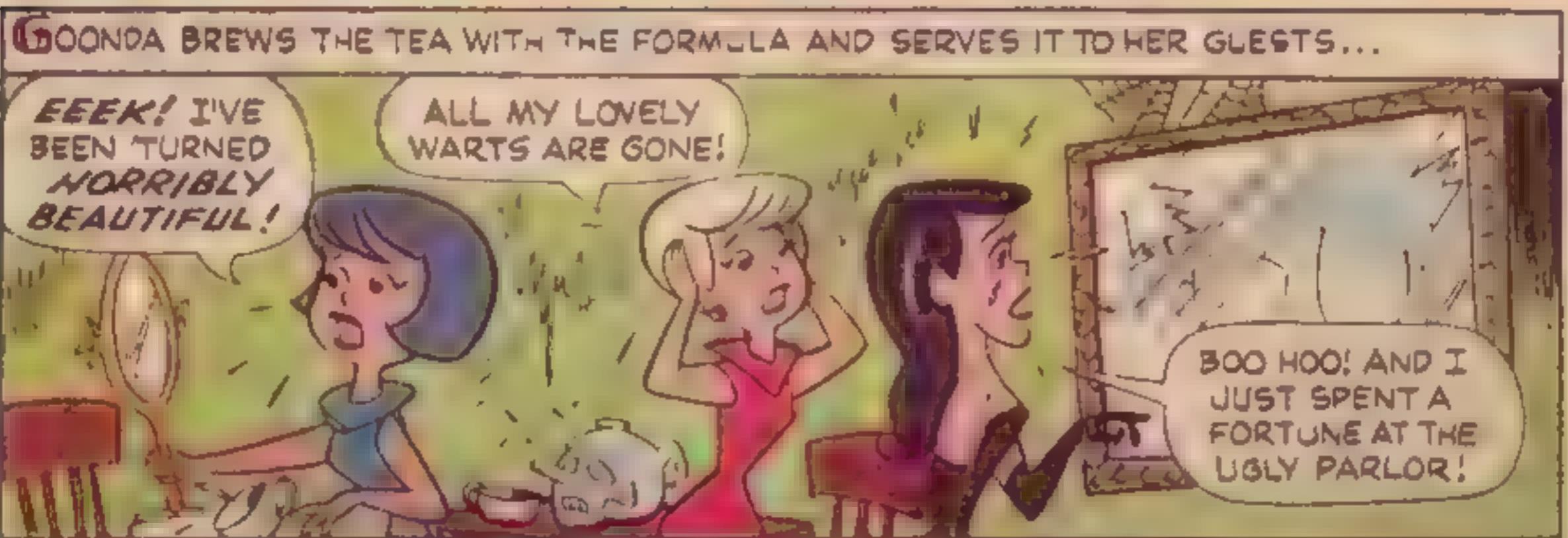
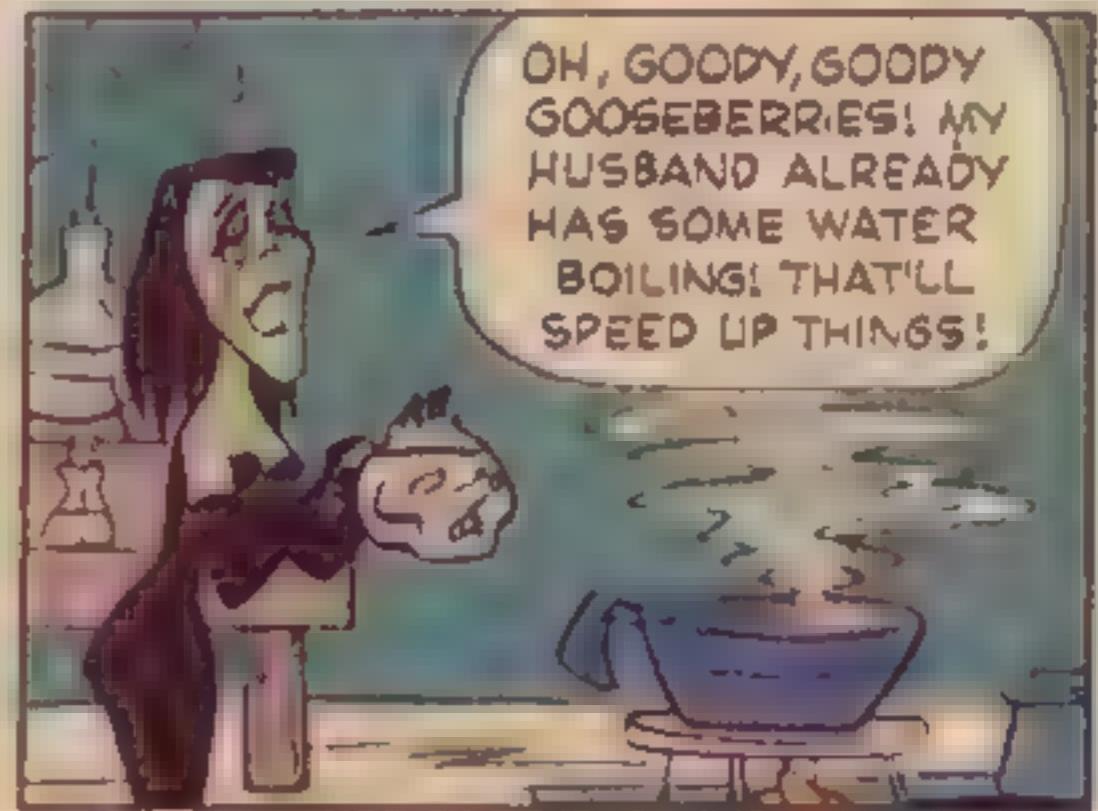
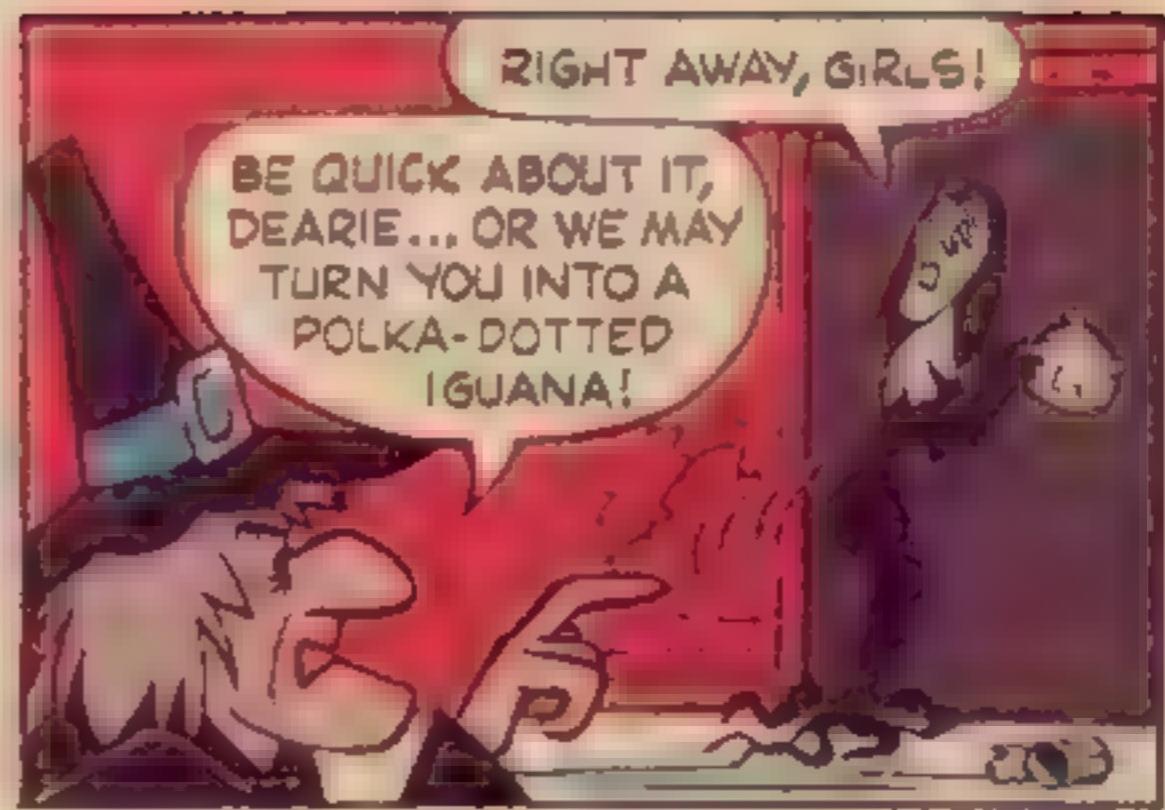
MEANWHILE, J. EVL SCIENT ST IS BUSY IN HIS LAB...

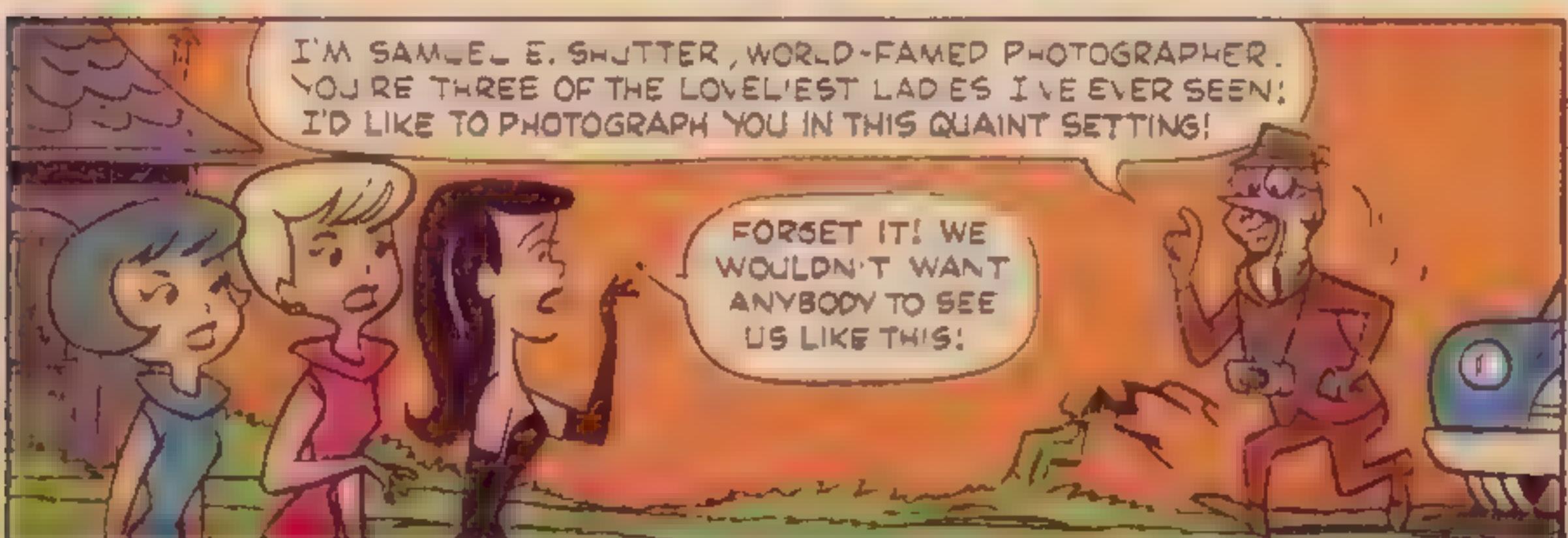
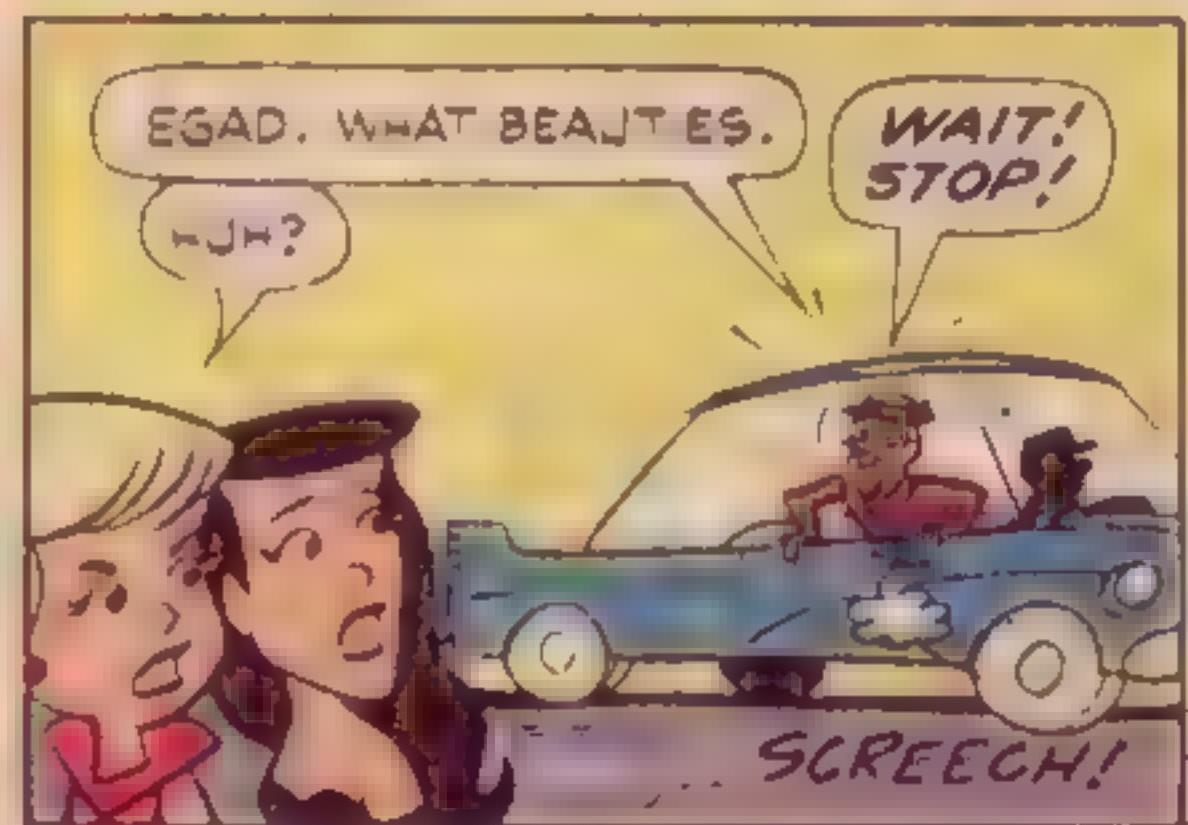
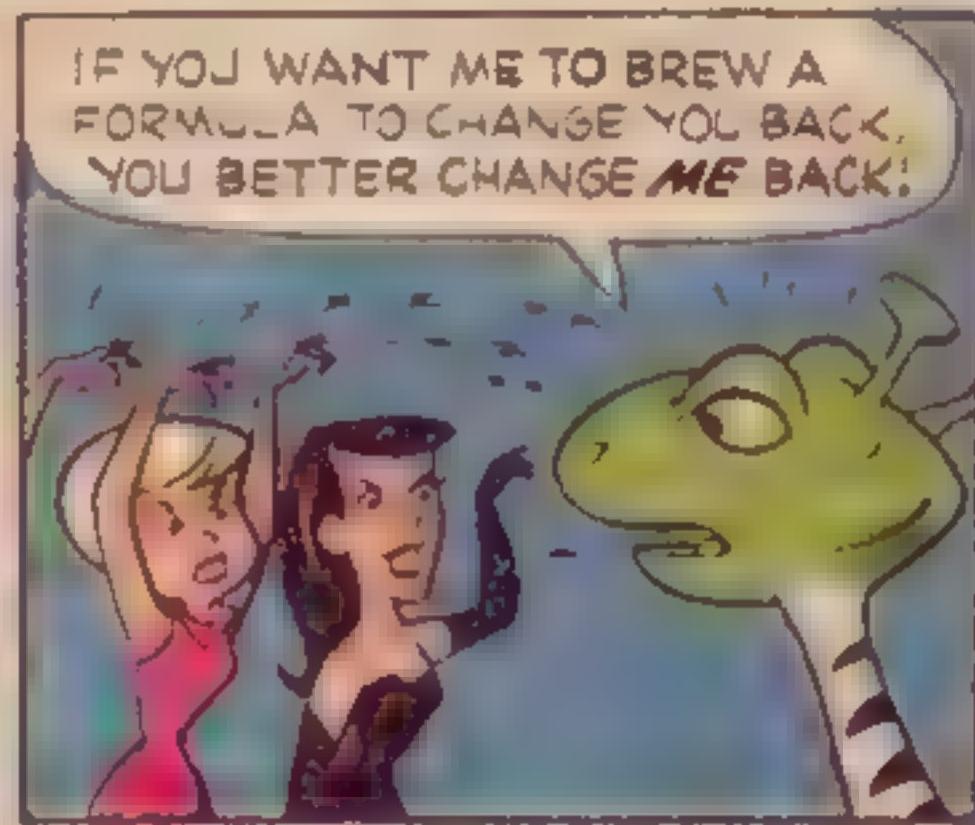
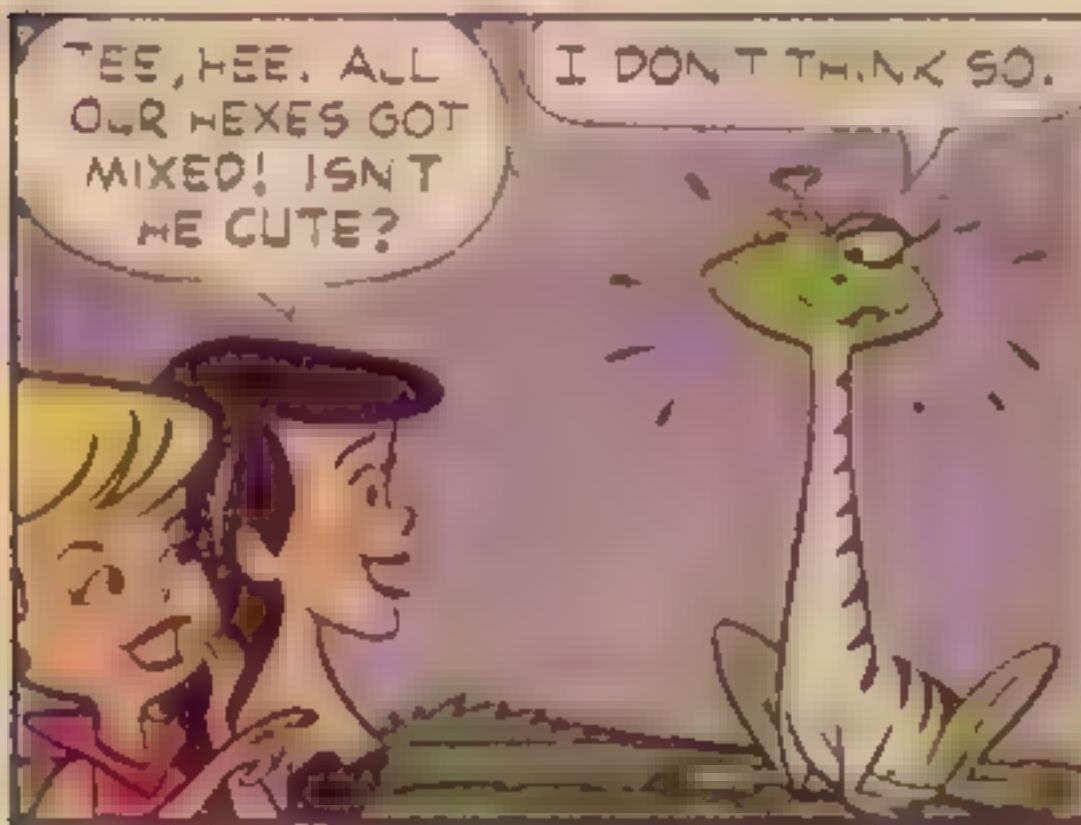
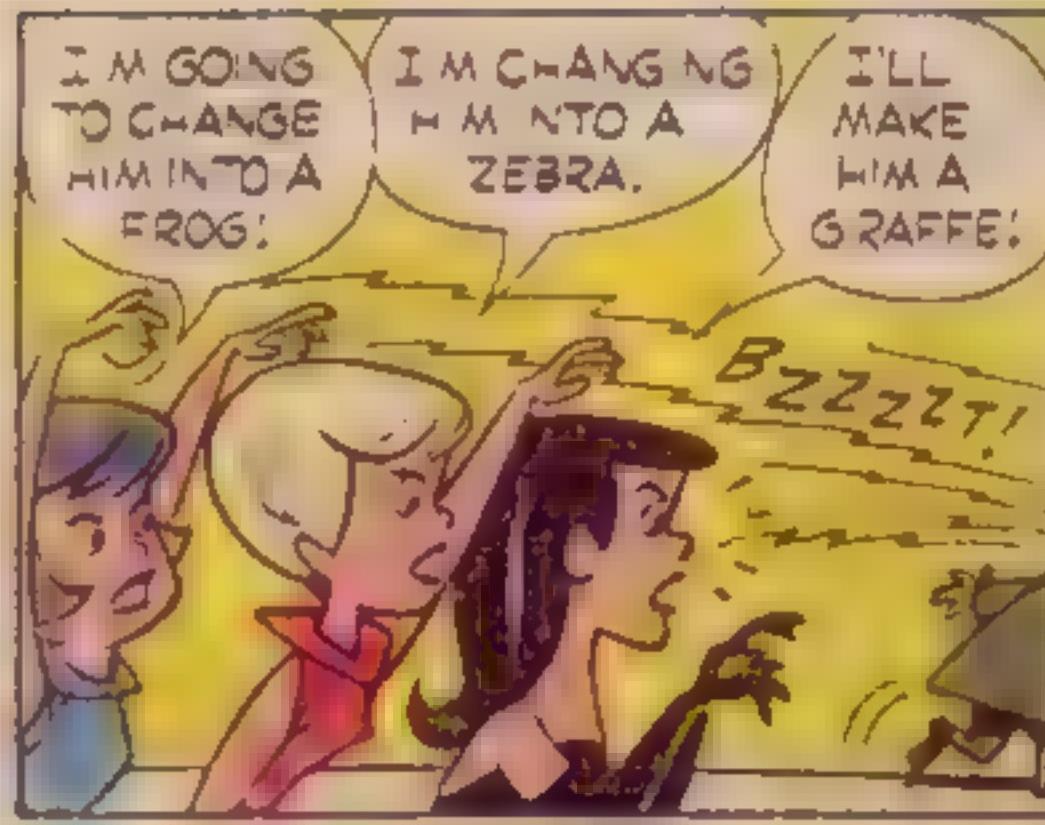
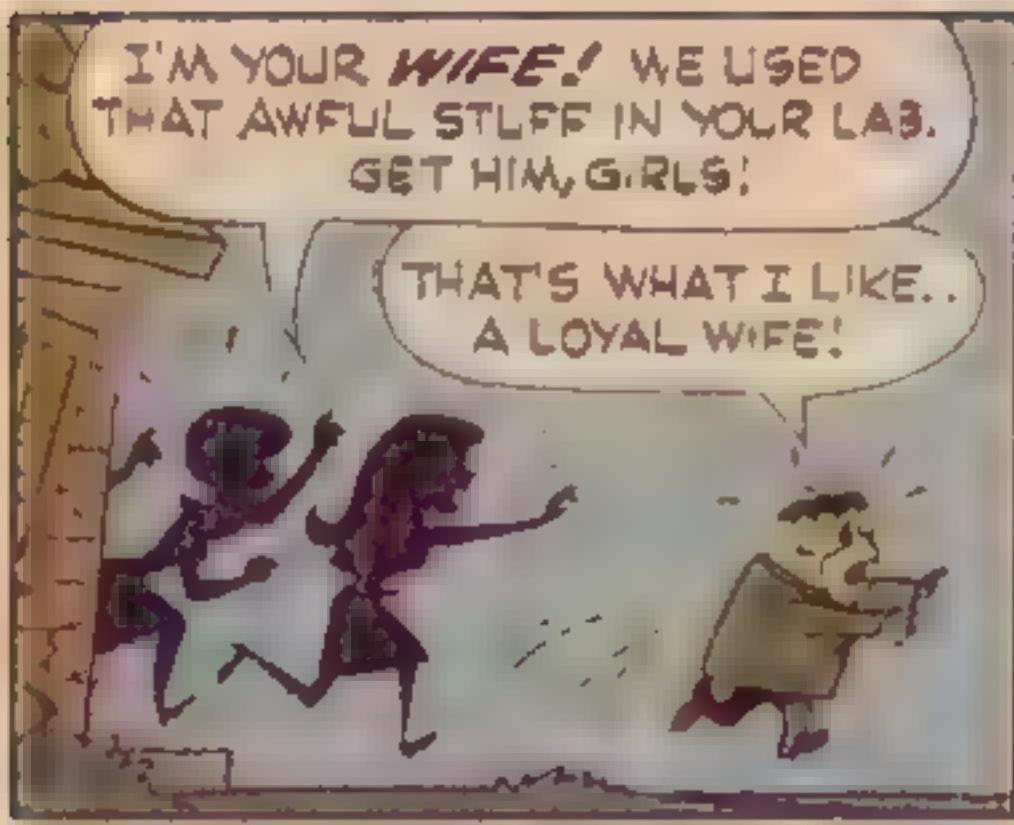
THIS WILL BE MY GREATEST AVENTURE YET... INSTANT UGLINESS!

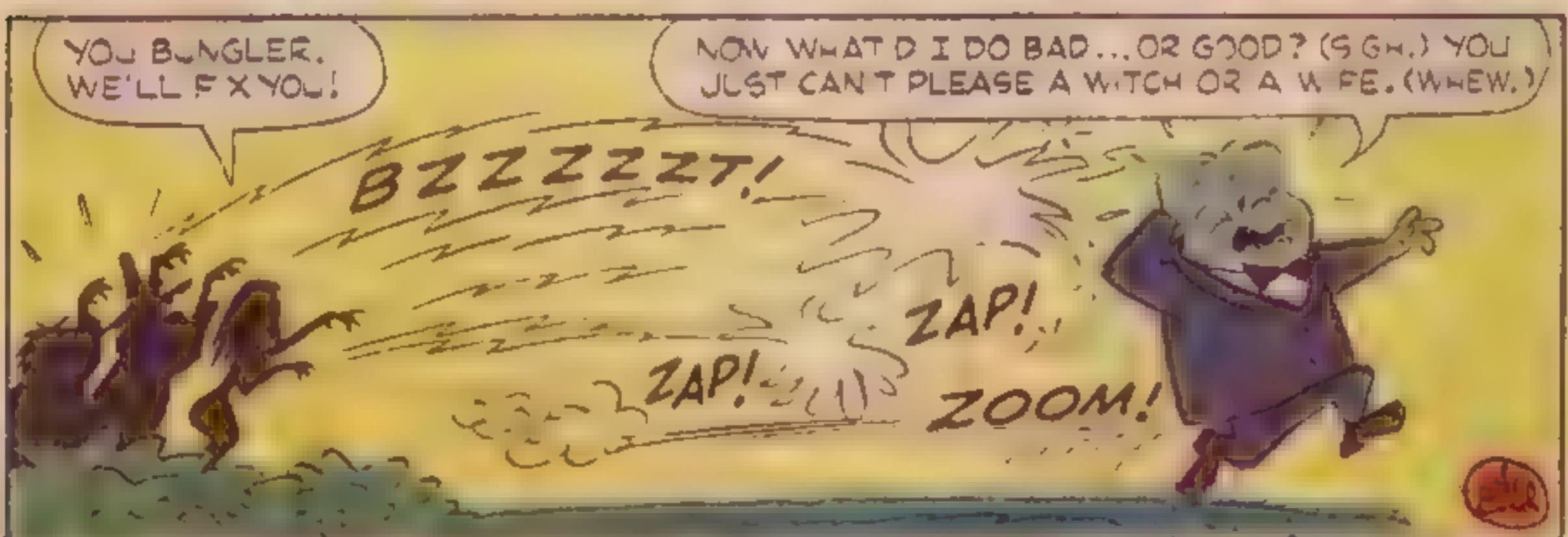
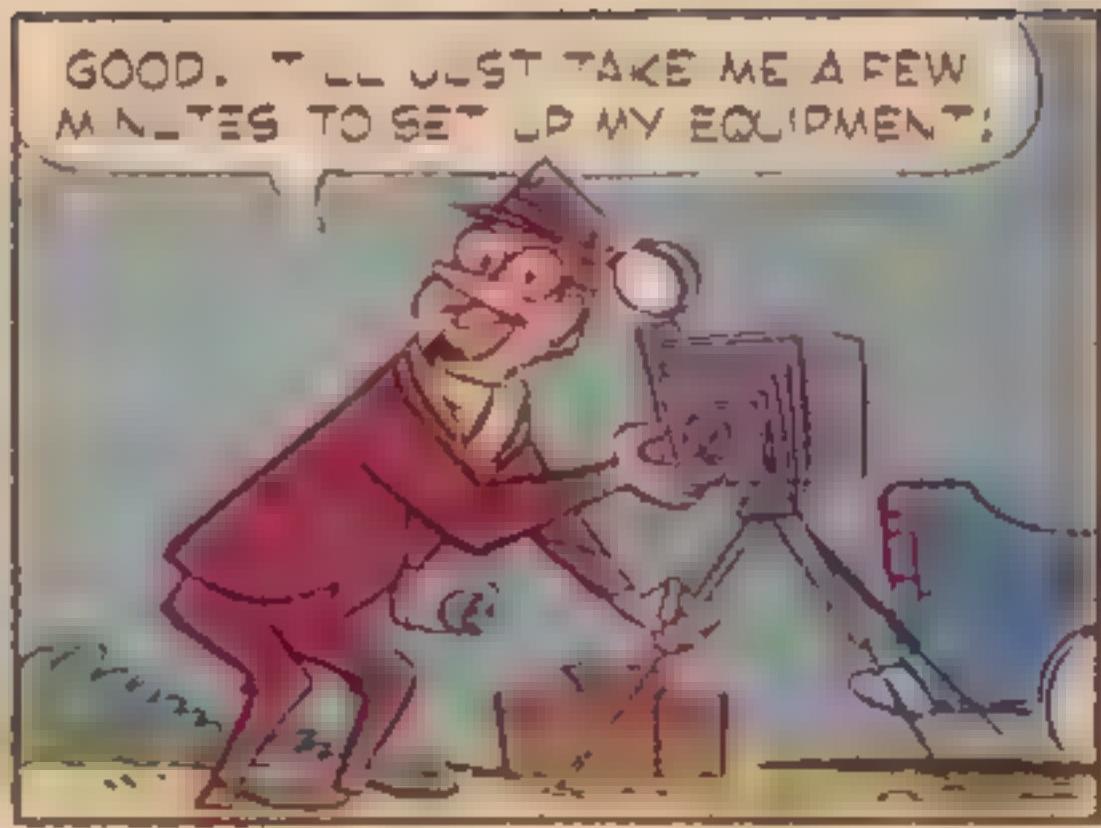
IF MY FORMULA IS CORRECT, THIS BEAUTIFUL ROSE WILL TURN UGLY! HEH, HEH! WHAT AN EVIL DISCOVERY!

EEEK! IT MADE THE PLANT MORE BEAUTIFUL! HOW AWFUL.

I MUST'VE REVERSED THE INGREDIENTS. A SHORT WALK THROUGH THE SWAMP WILL CLEAR MY BRAIN, AND THEN I CAN CORRECT THE FORMULA!

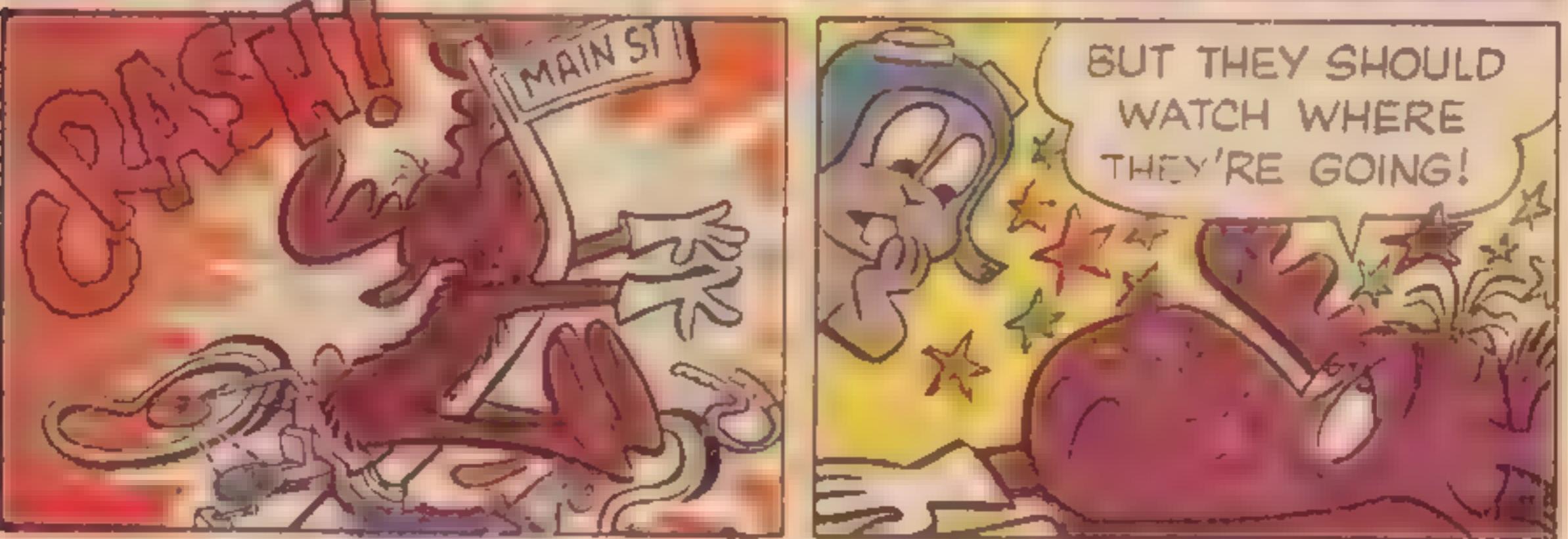
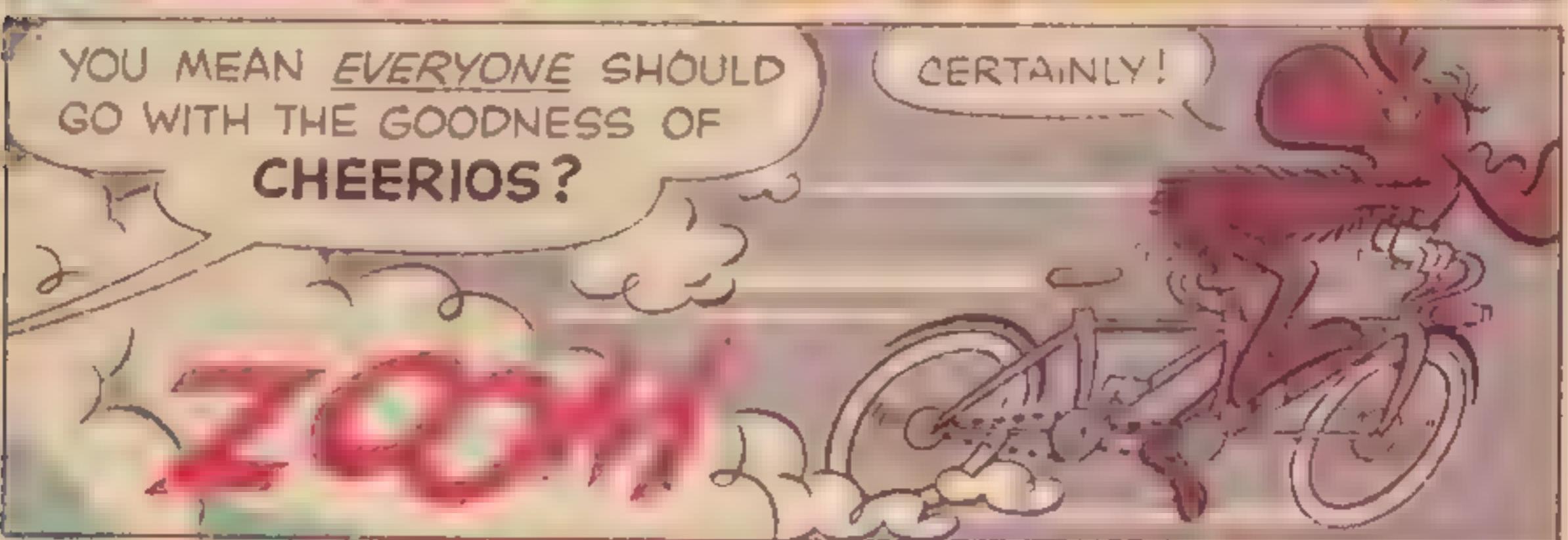
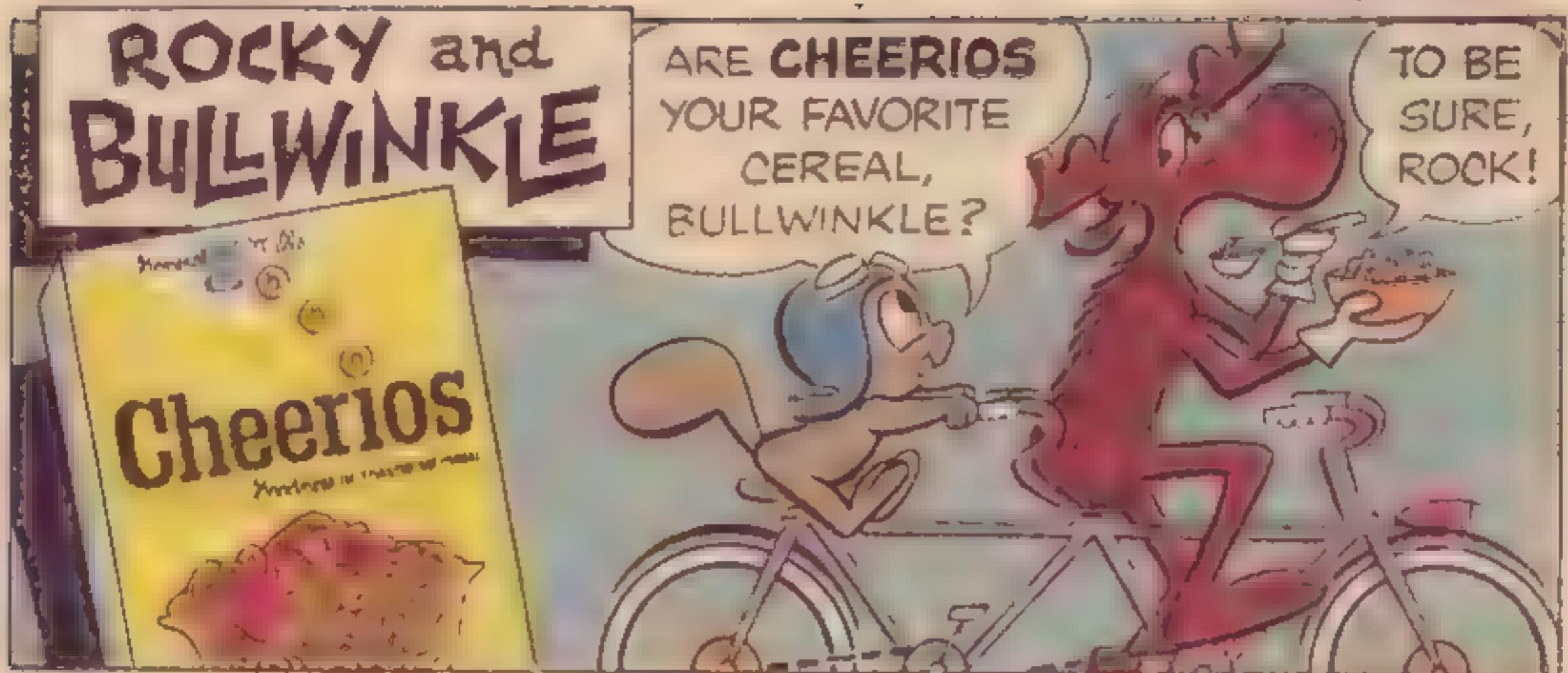






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THE CRYSTAL CAPER



Perry Gunnite was sitting quietly at his desk when a man dressed in flowing robes and a turban dashed into his office.

"Mr. Gunnite! You must help me! My most valuable possession has been stolen!" cried the strangely dressed man.

"Say, I know you," Perry said. "You're Swami Salami, the famous mind reader and medium. If something's been stolen, why don't you just look in your crystal ball to find it? Heh, heh, heh . . ."

The Swami gave Perry two conks on the head for being a wise guy and then politely informed him that what had just been stolen was his crystal ball.

"Who do you think would want to steal a crystal ball?" asked Perry.

"Look, I came here for answers, not questions. Questions I get all day long at my fortune-telling booth," yelled Swami Salami. But then he paused for a minute . . . "Come to think of it, who would want a crystal ball but another medium? And the only other swami in town is Swami Yogurt!" cried Salami. "He has always been jealous of my crystal ball. It's bigger than his and gets much better picture reception . . . in color, too!"

"That's it," said Perry. "Swami Yogurt must be the thief. We'll go and search his place right now. Your good thinking gave me the clues I needed."

As they went out the door, Swami Salami said, "If I'd really been a good thinker I would've figured this out before coming to you and saved myself a big fee." Perry told him to quit thinking.

Shortly, they arrived in front of Swami Yogurt's place of business. A big sign read: "SWAMI YOGURT . . . TELLS ALL!"

"Sounds like a big tattletale to me," Perry mused out loud.

Inside, the evil Swami Yogurt gloated over his new crystal ball. He was, indeed, the thief. He also was dressed in flowing robes and a tall turban . . . the standard costume for swamis and mediums.

"Heh, heh . . . at last I've got old Salami's twenty-one inch crystal ball instead of my seventeen incher," chuckled Yogurt.

"You may get seventeen to twenty-one days in jail for this, Swami Yogurt," yelled our hero as he smashed through the door. (He always smashes through doors . . . even unlocked ones. It looks so much more heroic.)

While Perry was recovering, Swami Yogurt dashed outside with the crystal ball.

Swami Yogurt was a fast runner, so by the time Perry and Salami caught up, he had run around the corner and all the way to the end of a pier at the harbor. There was no crystal ball in his hands.

"What did you do with my crystal ball, you villain?" cried Swami Salami.

"I tossed it into the ocean," replied the evil medium, laughing gleefully.

"Don't believe that baloney, Salami," said Perry as he hit Yogurt's turban.

As the tall turban fell to the ground, it revealed the crystal ball, balanced on top of Swami Yogurt's head!

On the way back to the police station, Salami asked Perry how he knew Yogurt was lying, and how he got the idea to hit the turban off.

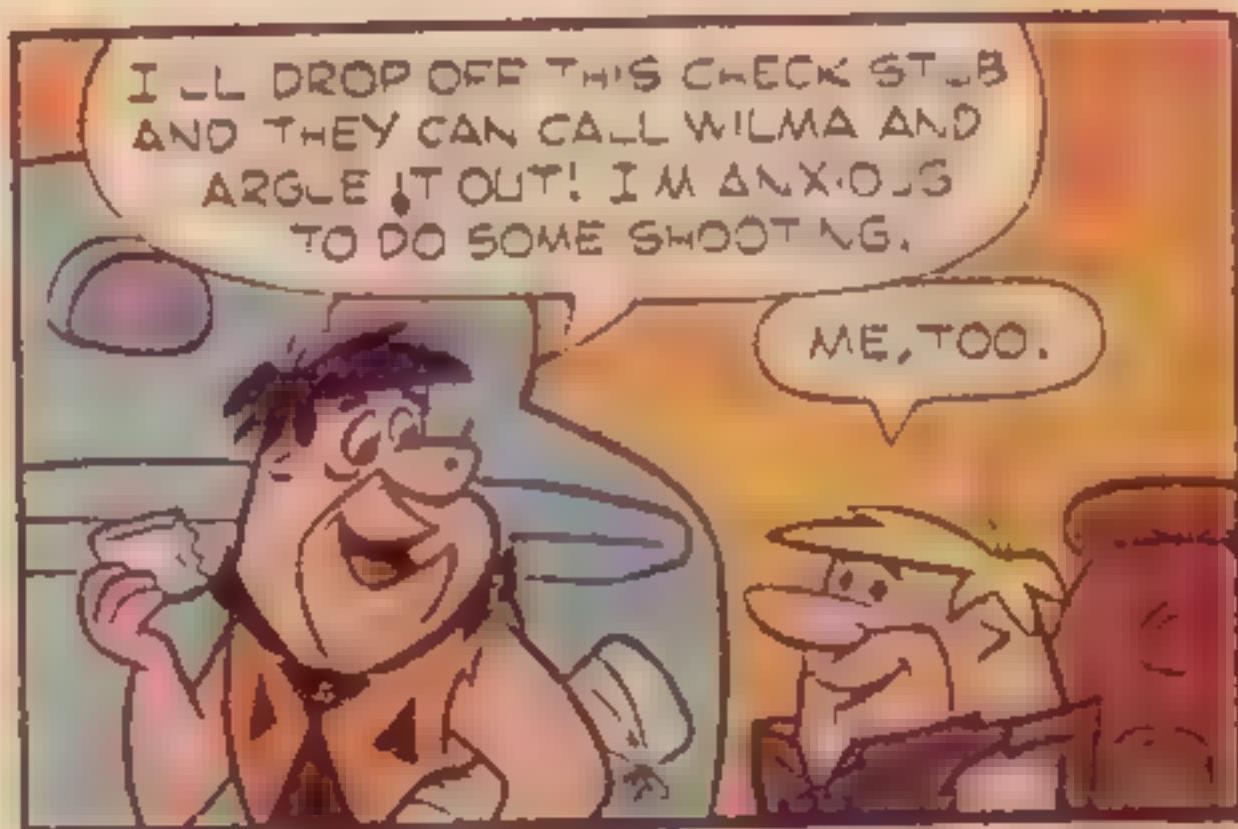
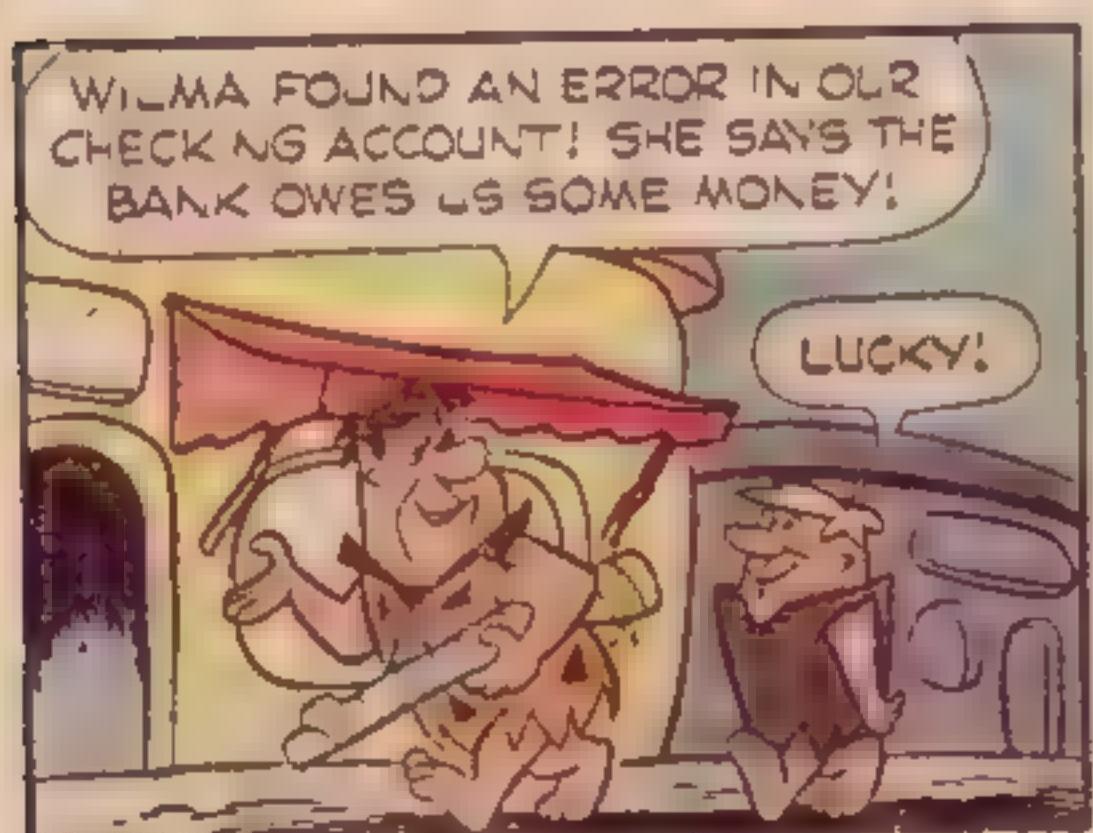
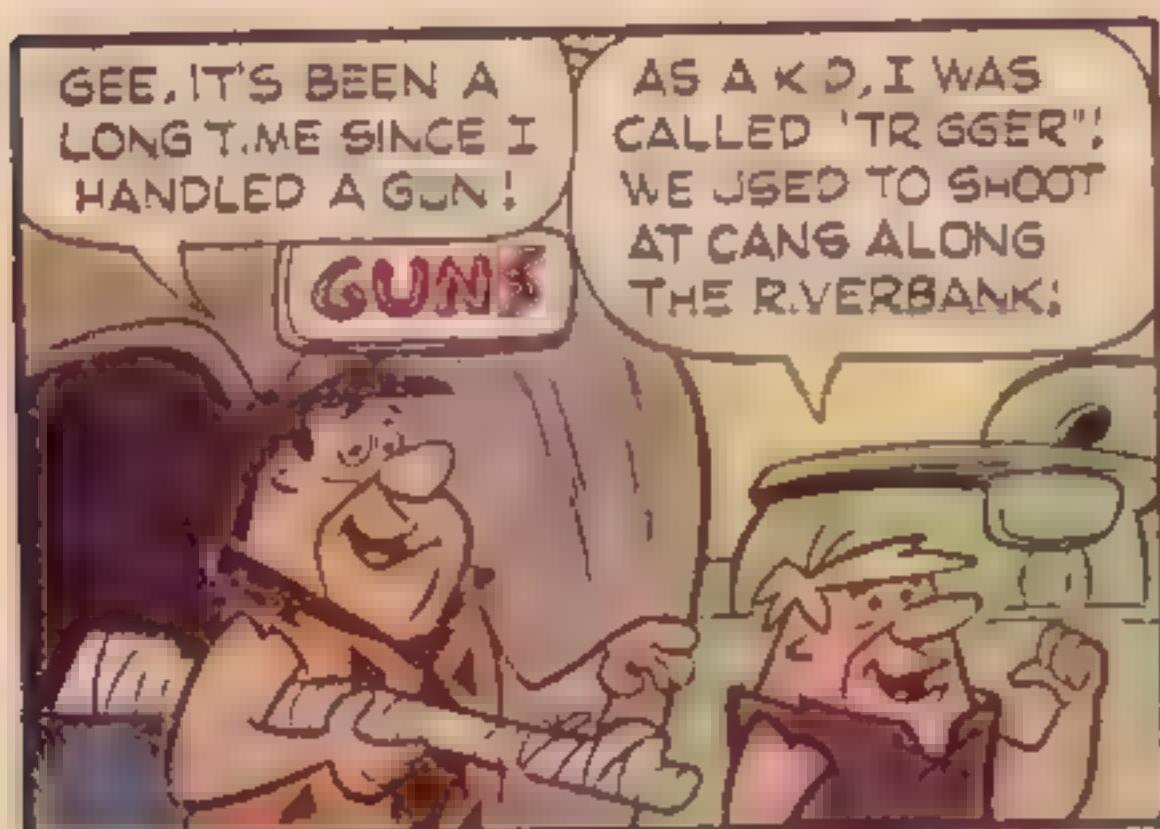
"Easy," replied Perry. "I got suspicious when I saw him so happy even though his plot to steal the ball had failed. I figured he must still have it, and I followed some advice my mother gave me long ago . . . always strike a happy medium!"

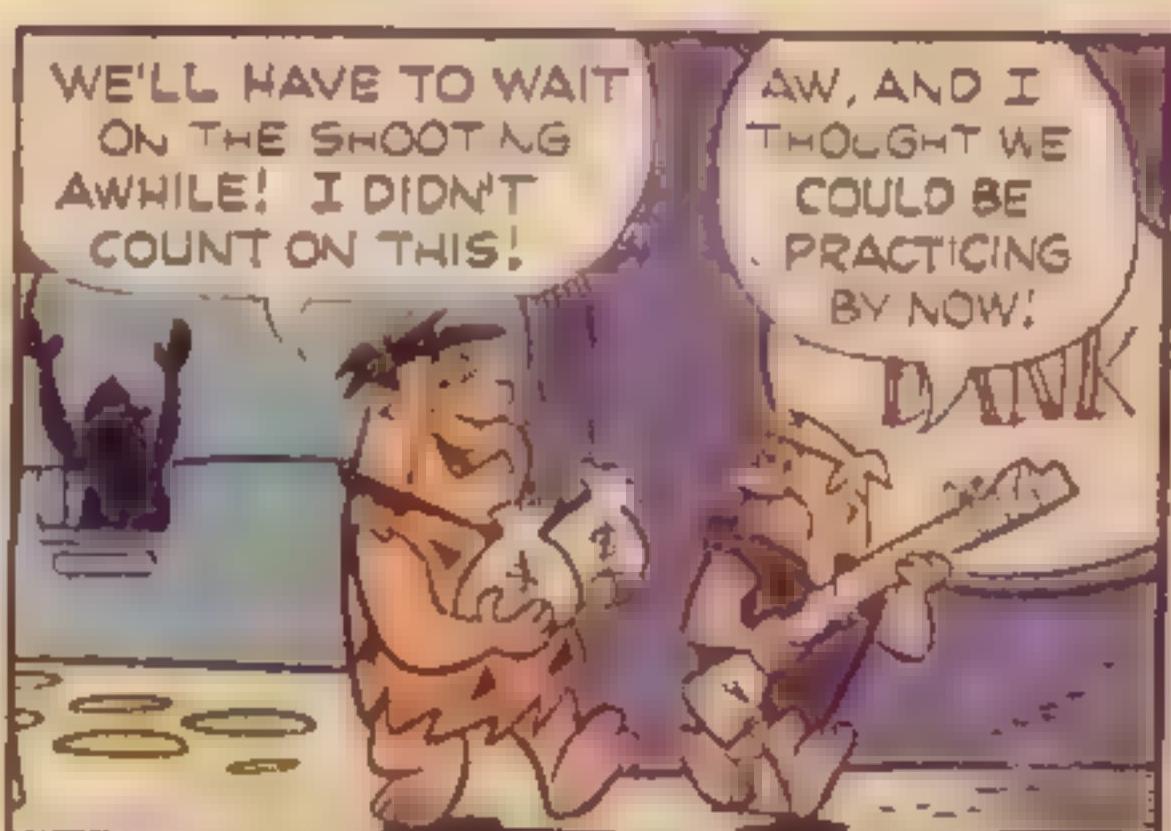
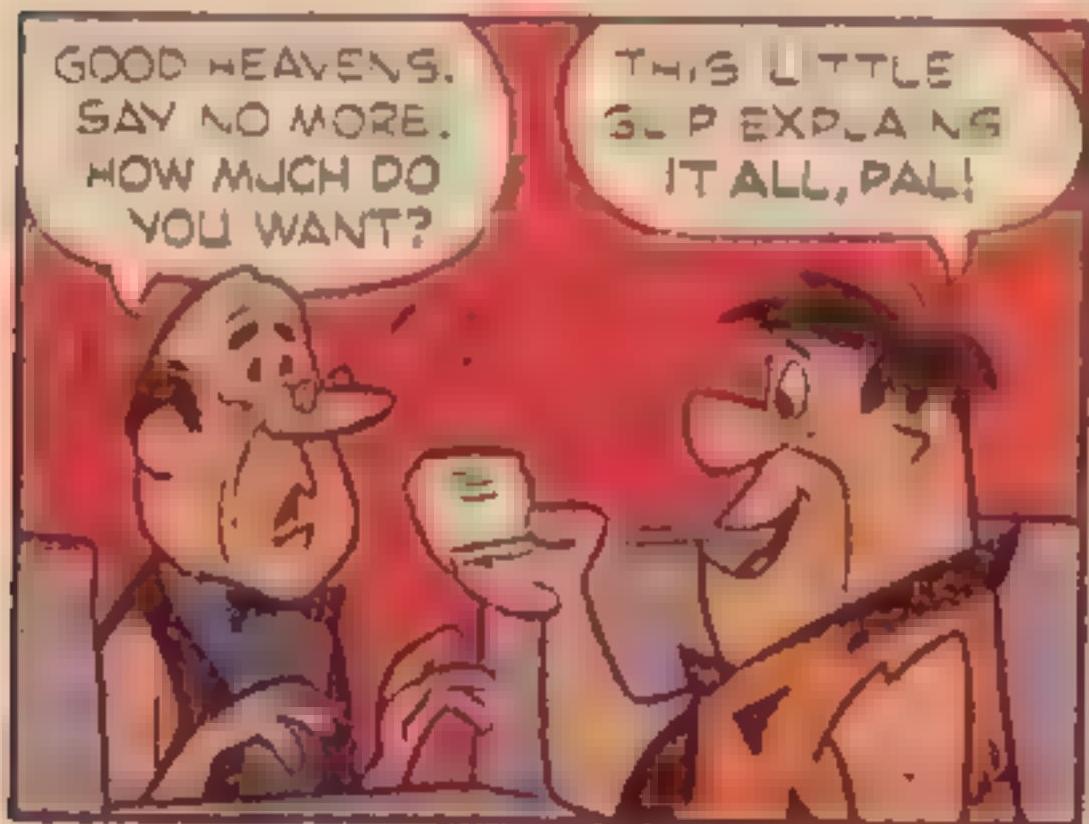
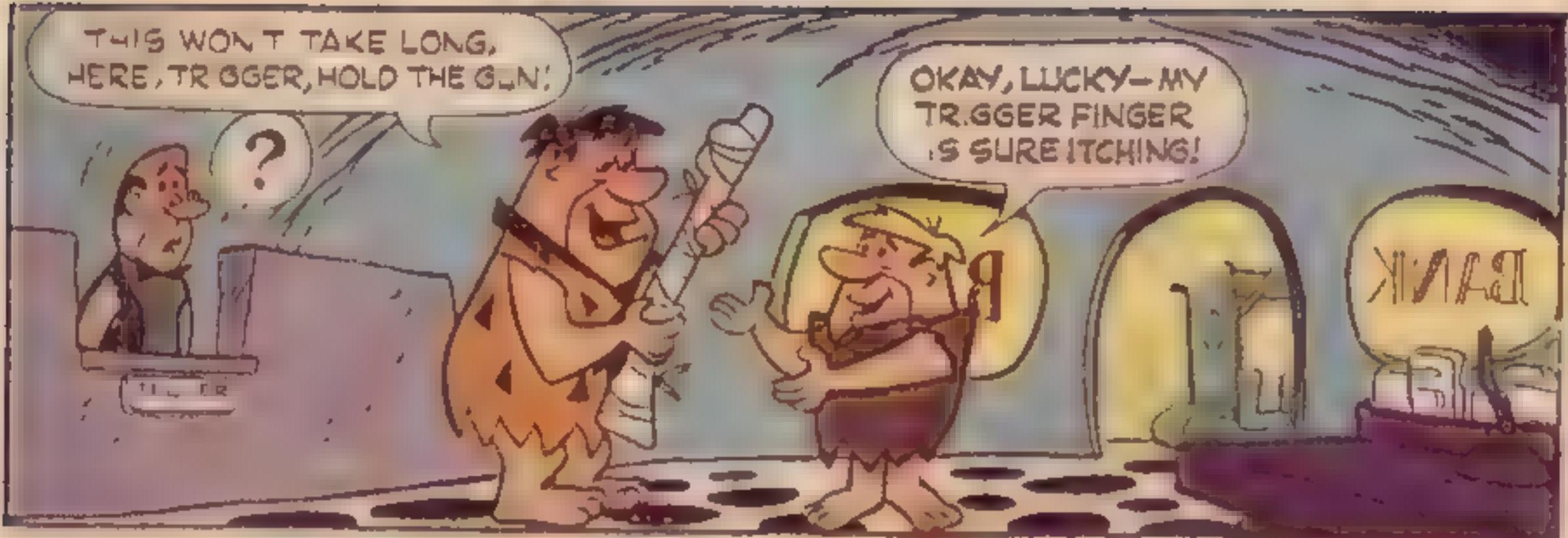


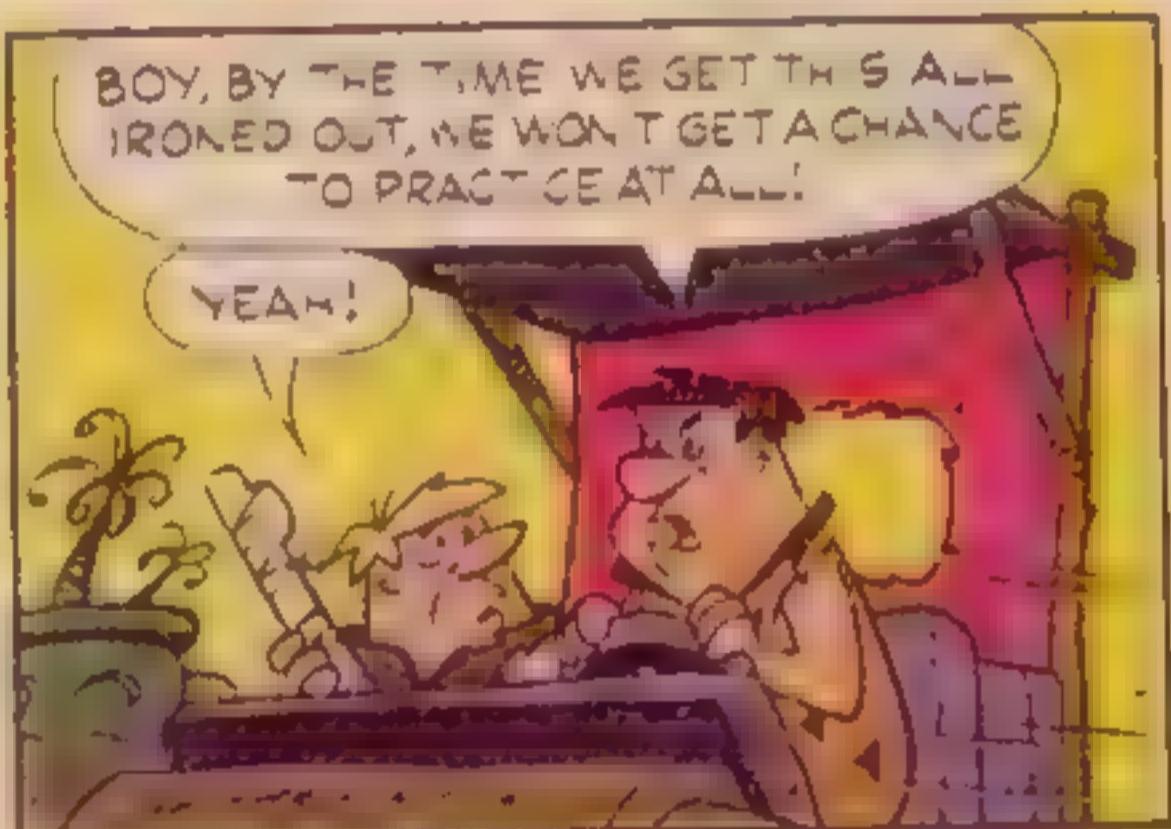
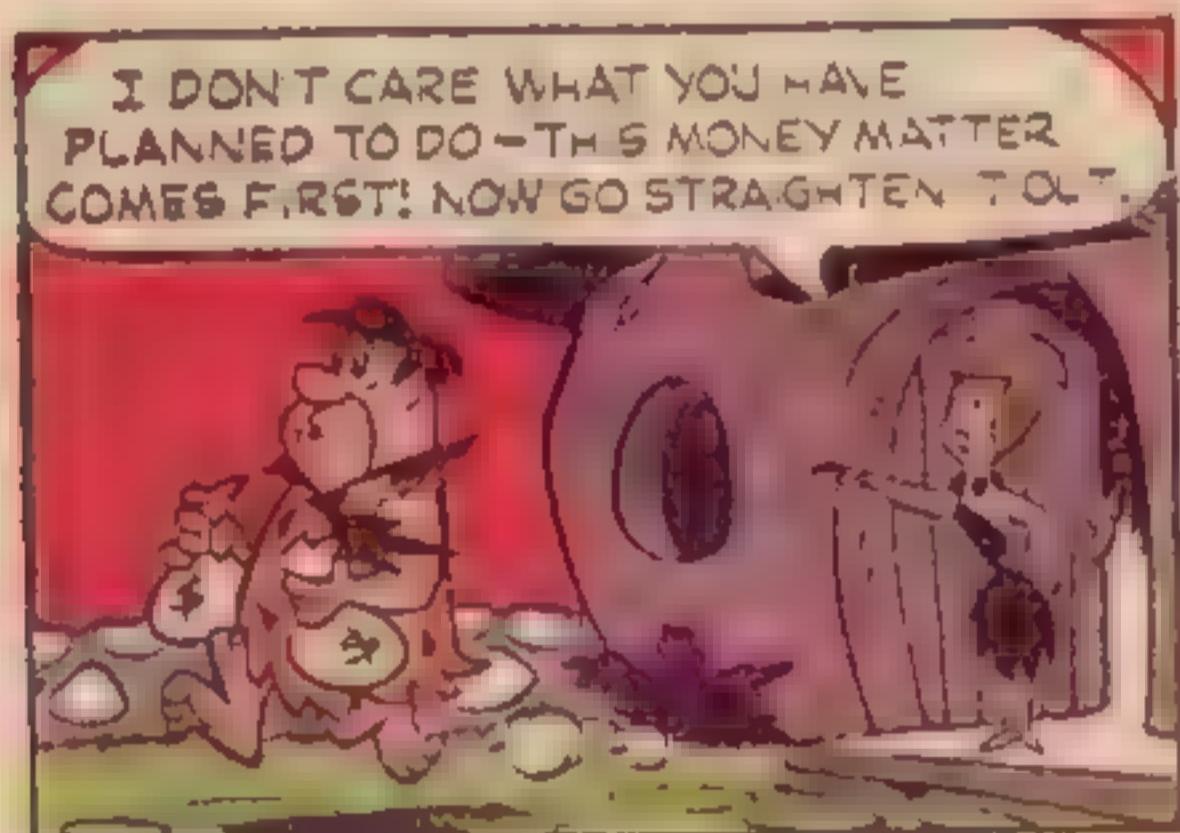
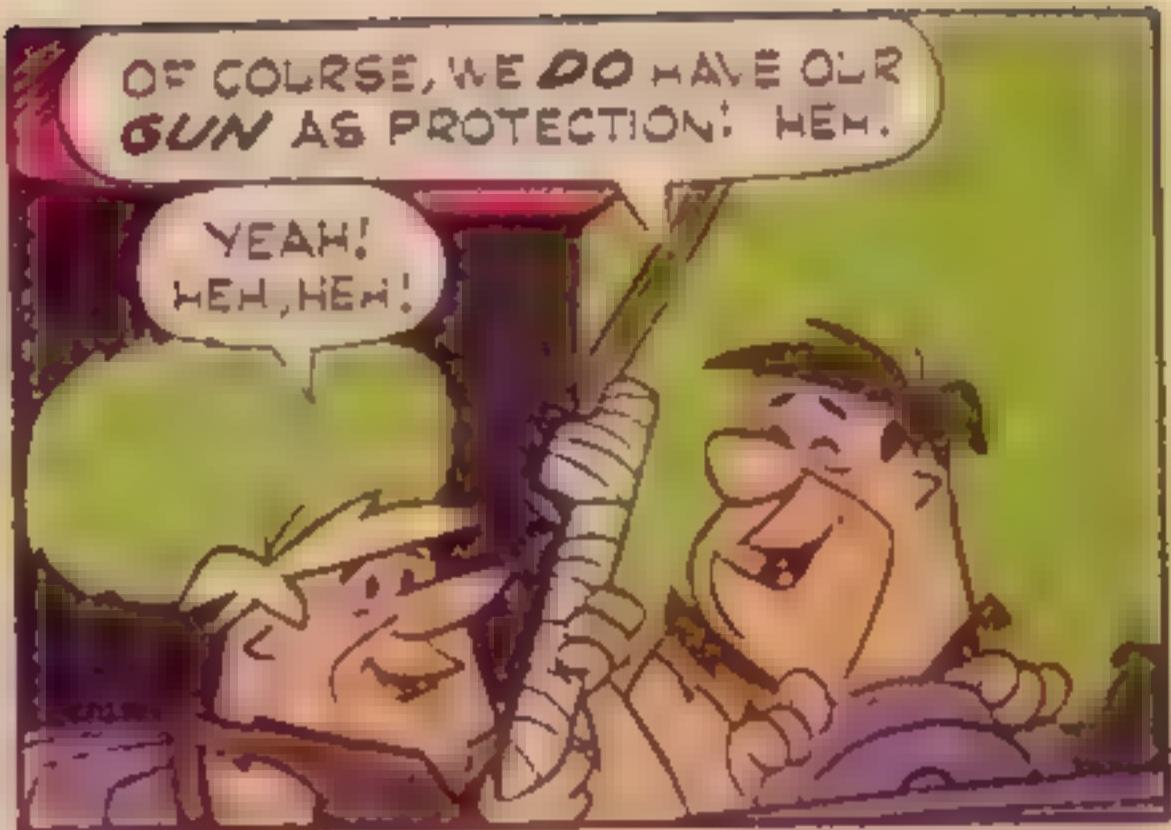
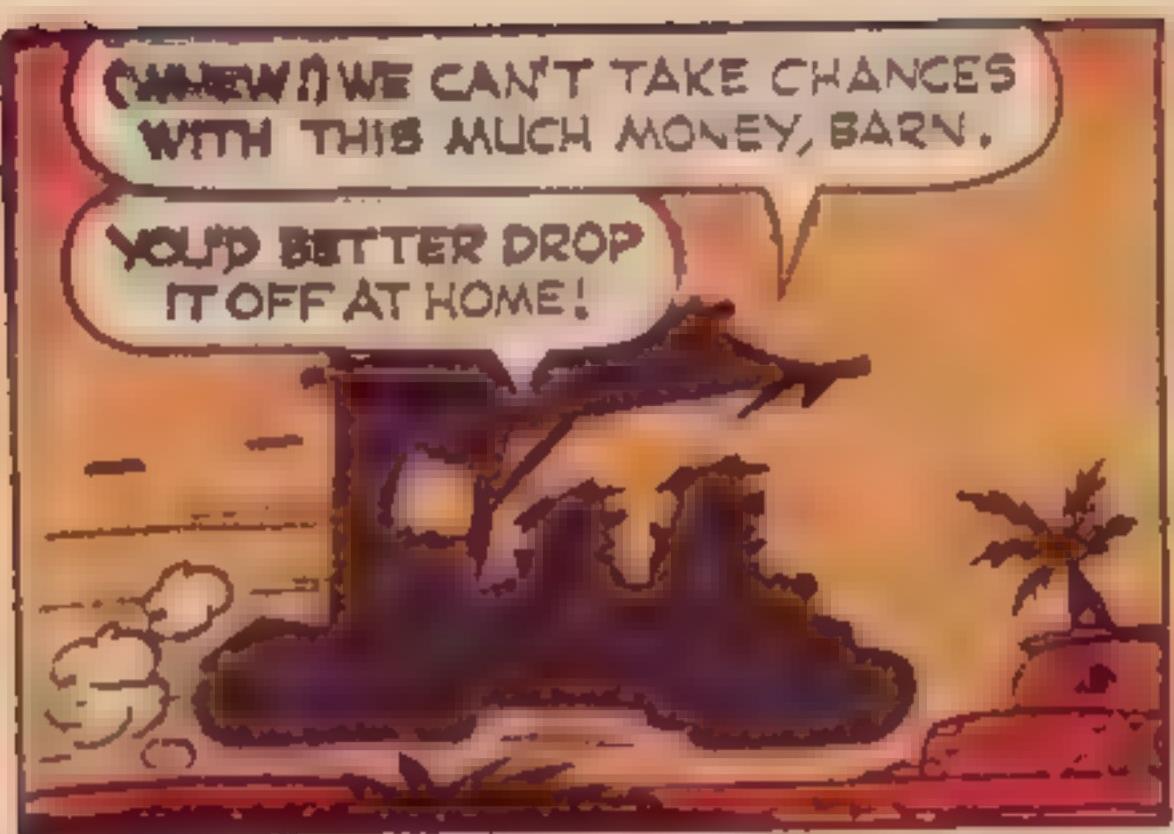
Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

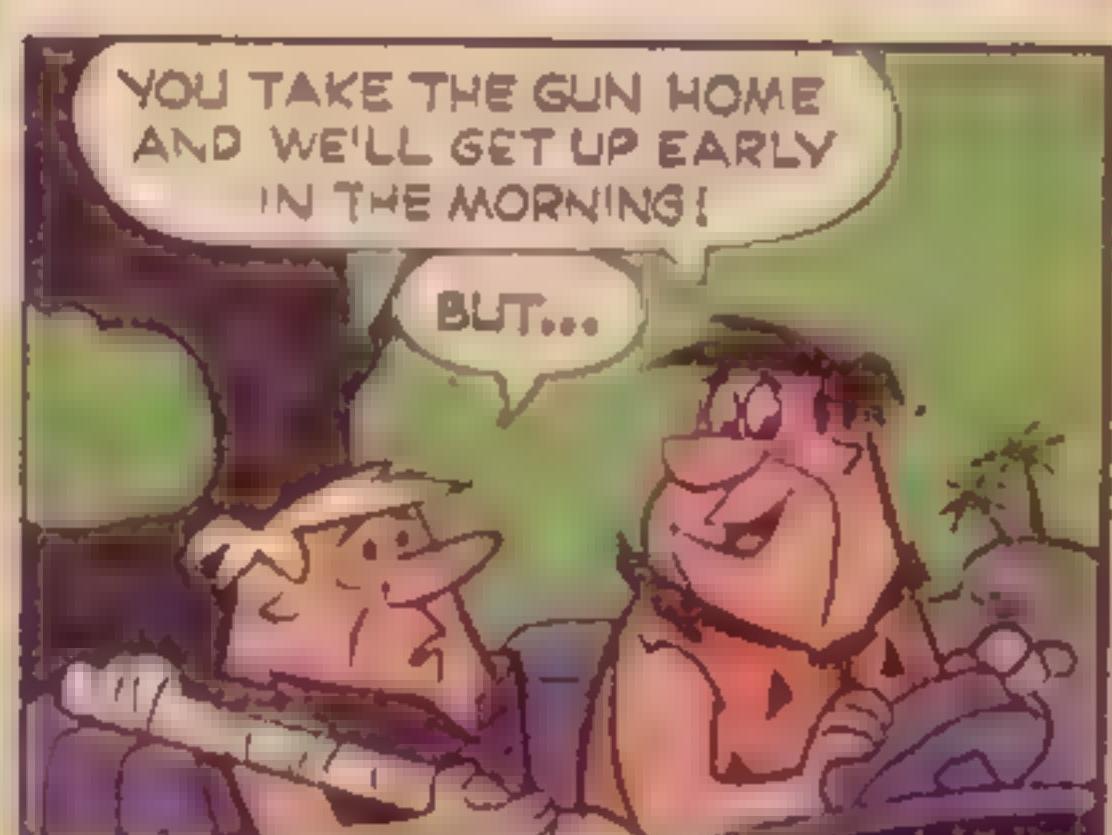
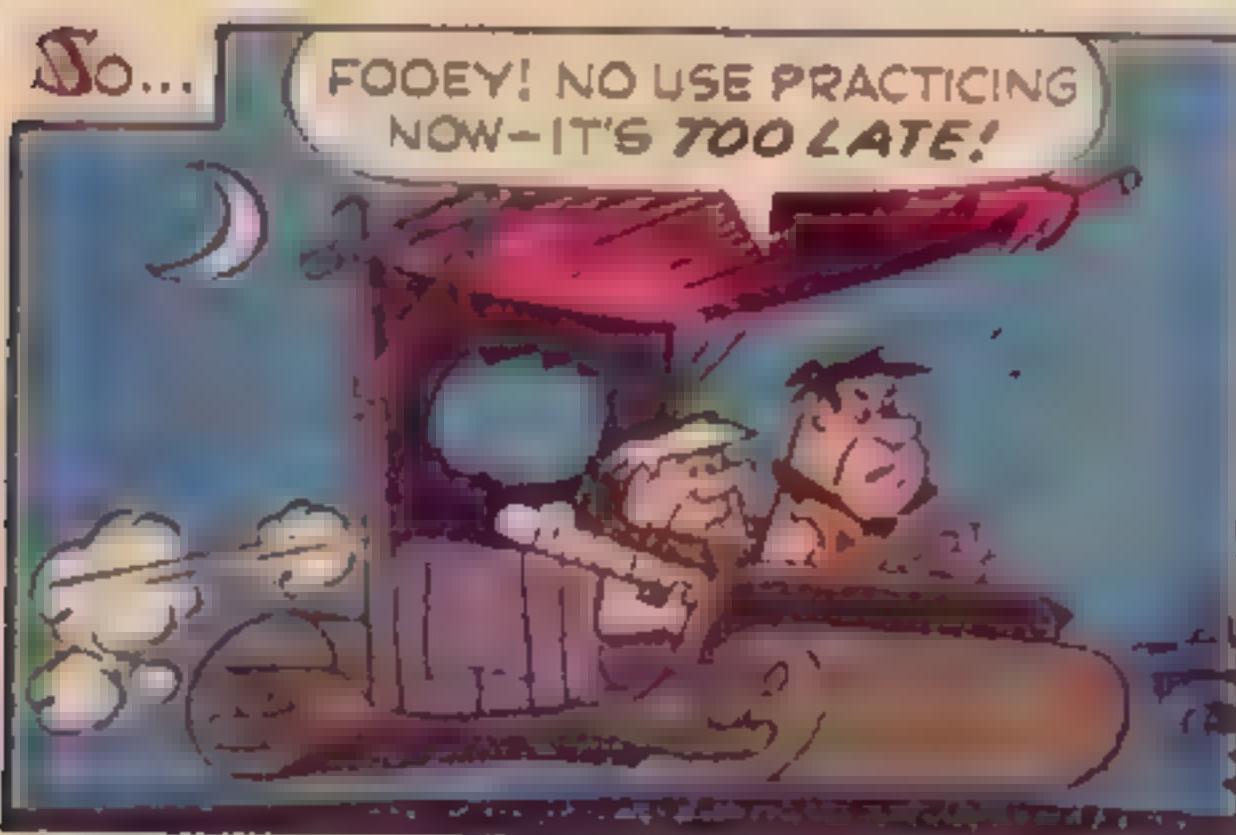
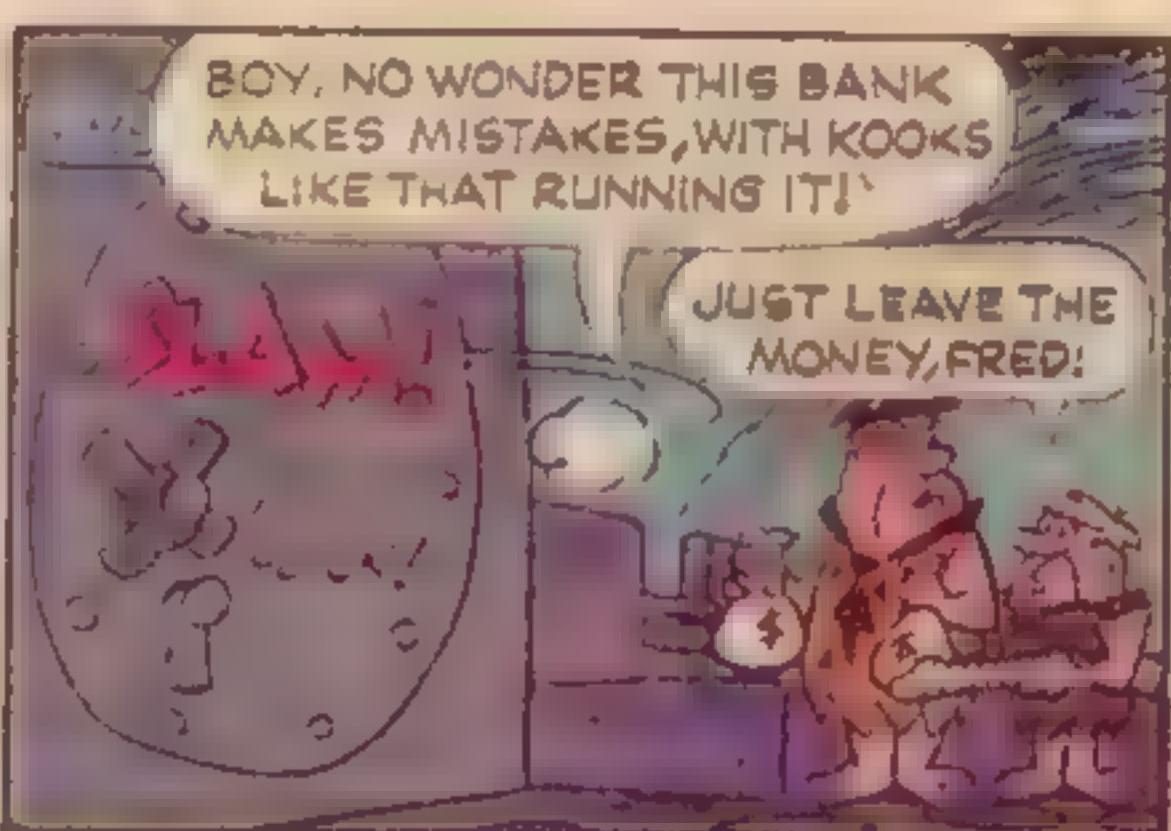
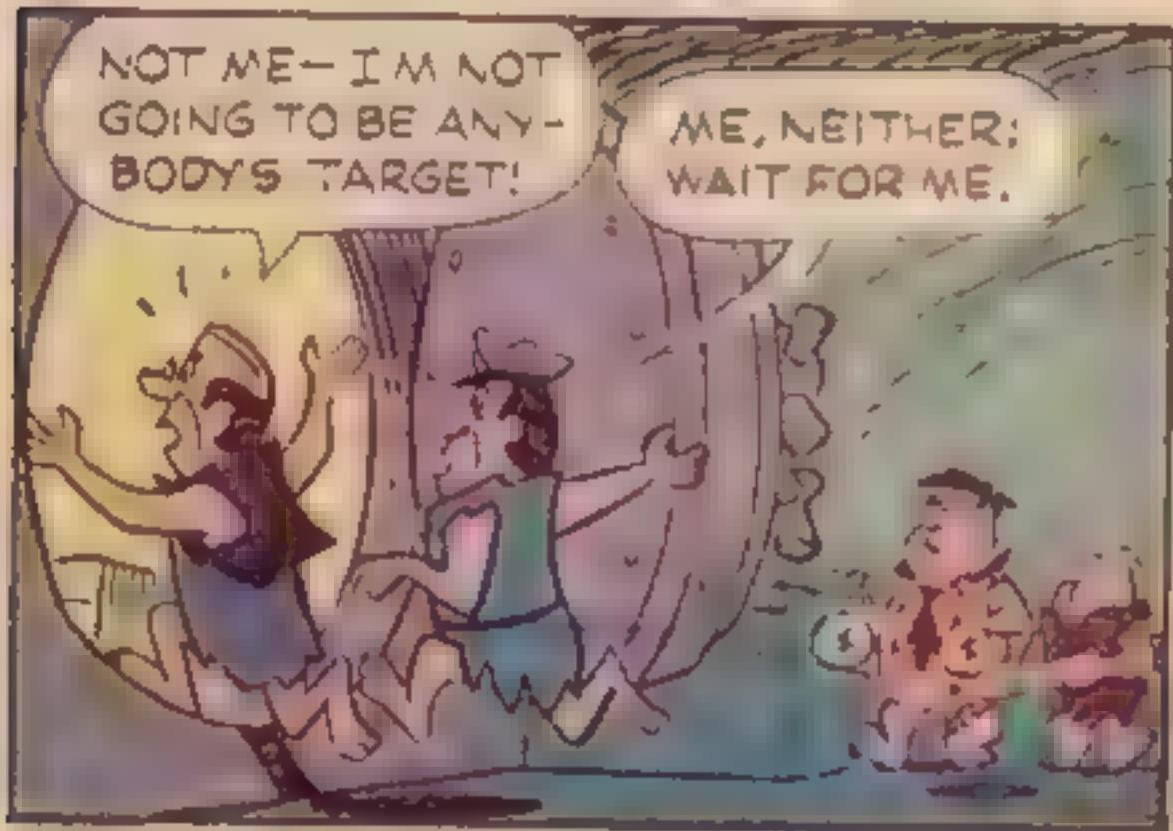
ONE GUN TOO MANY

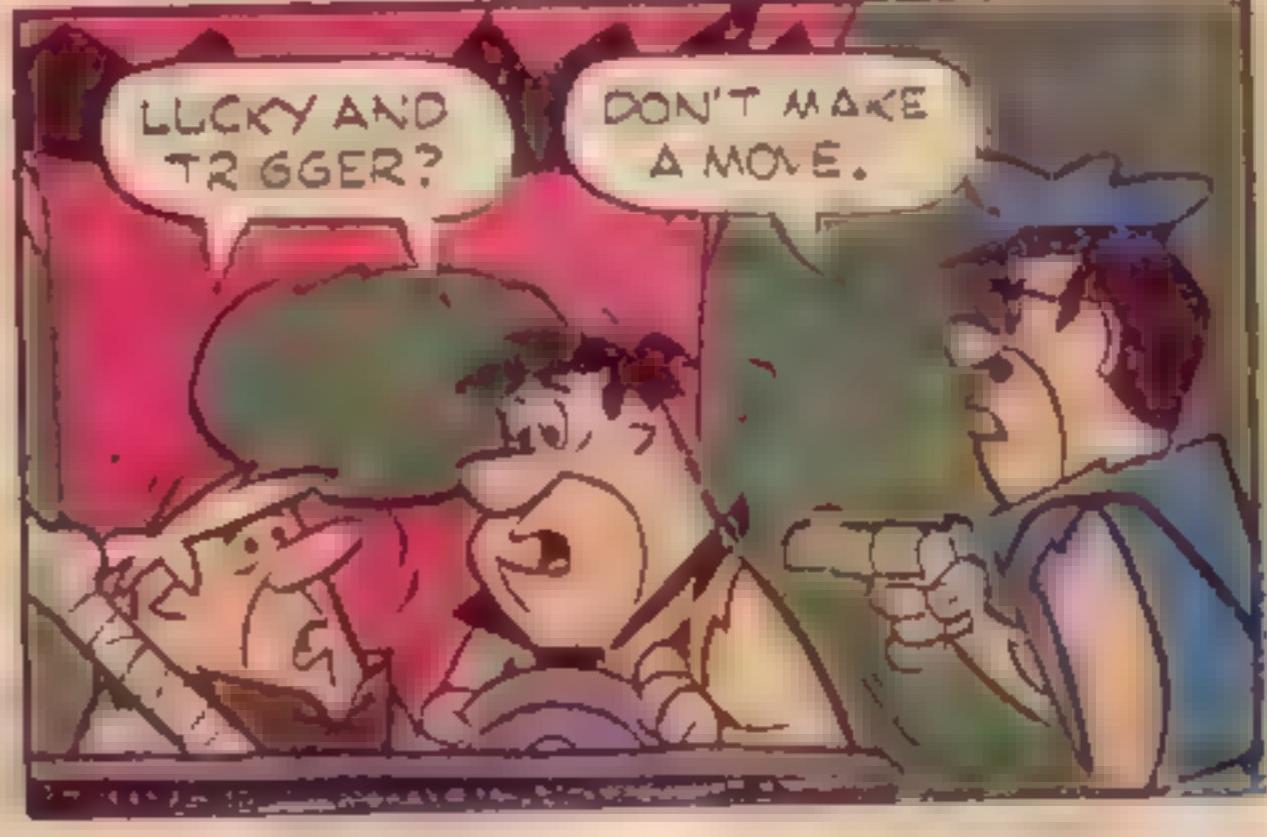
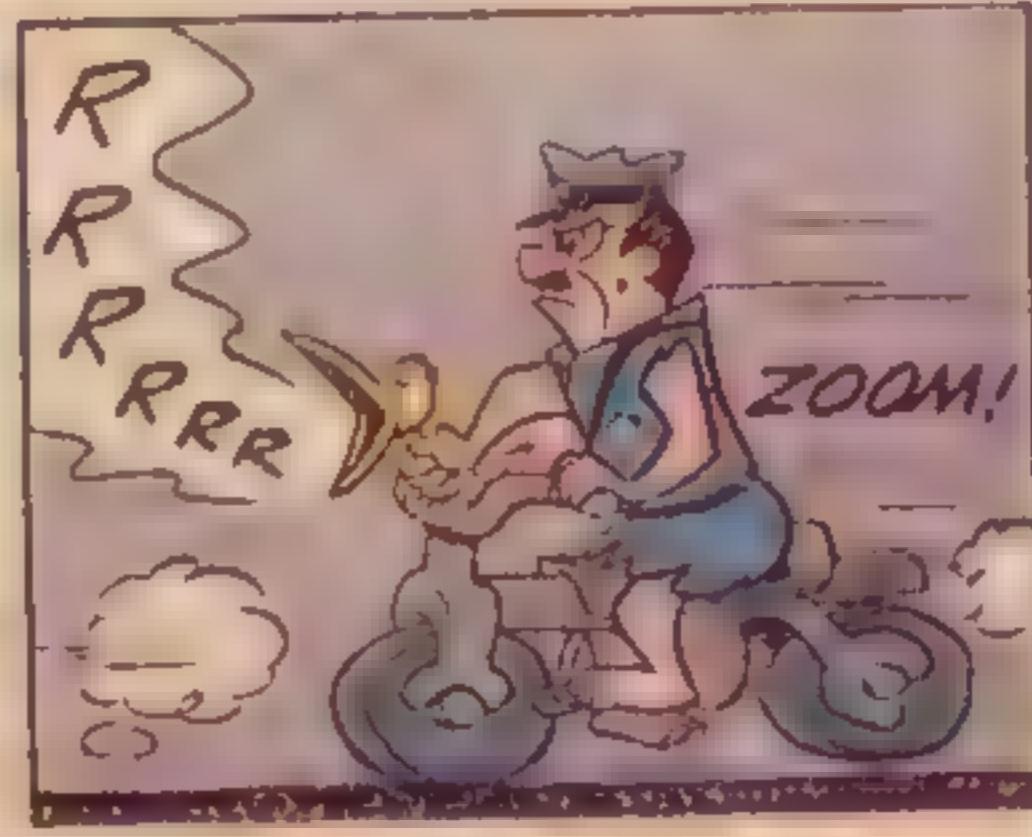








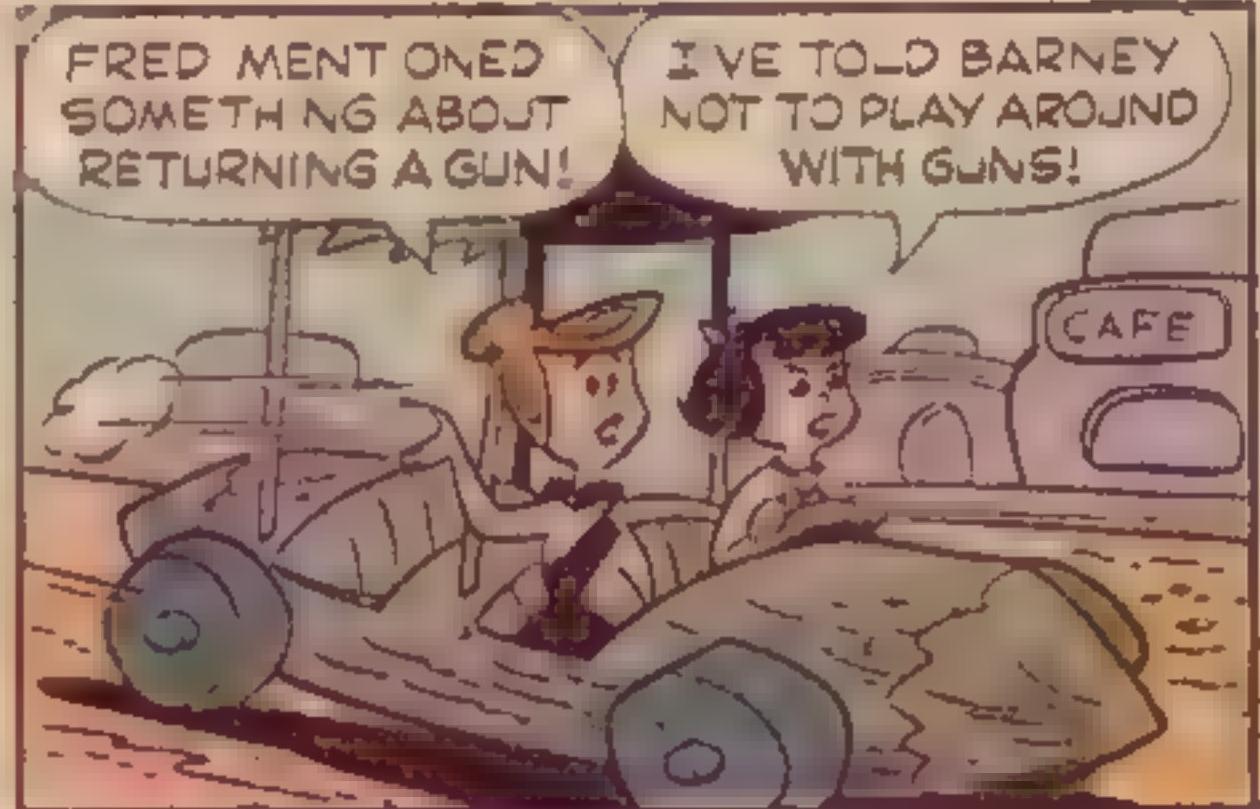
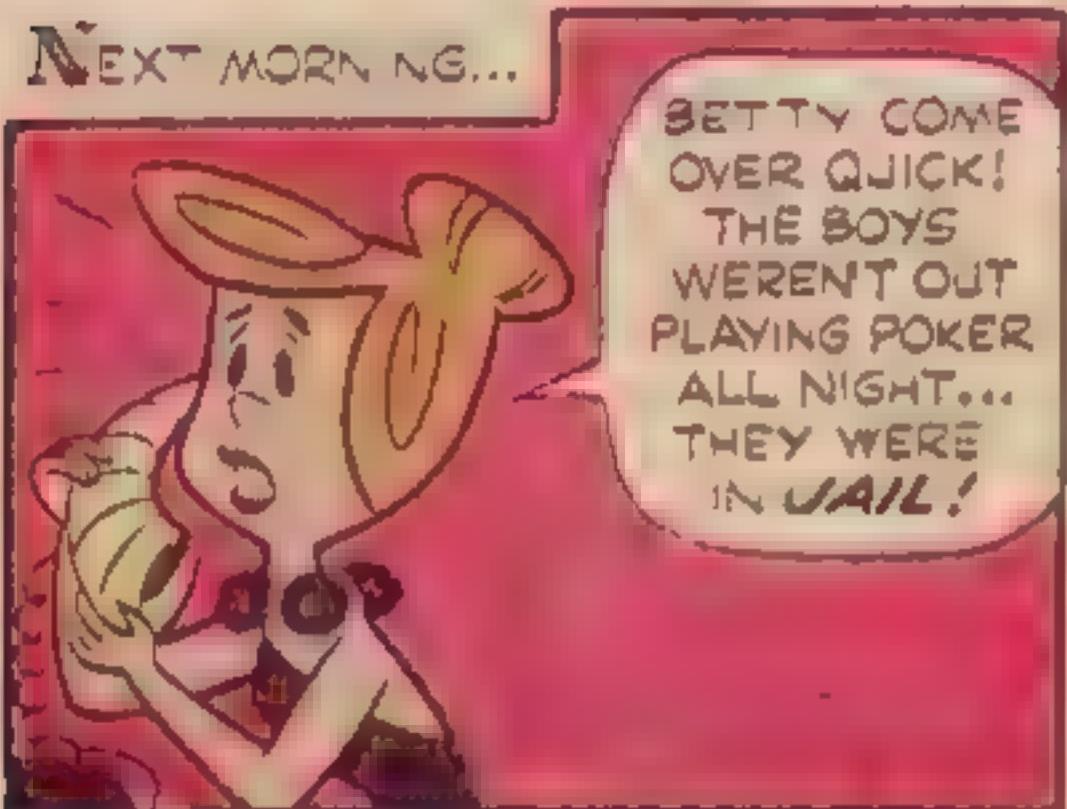




LATER...



NEXT MORNING...

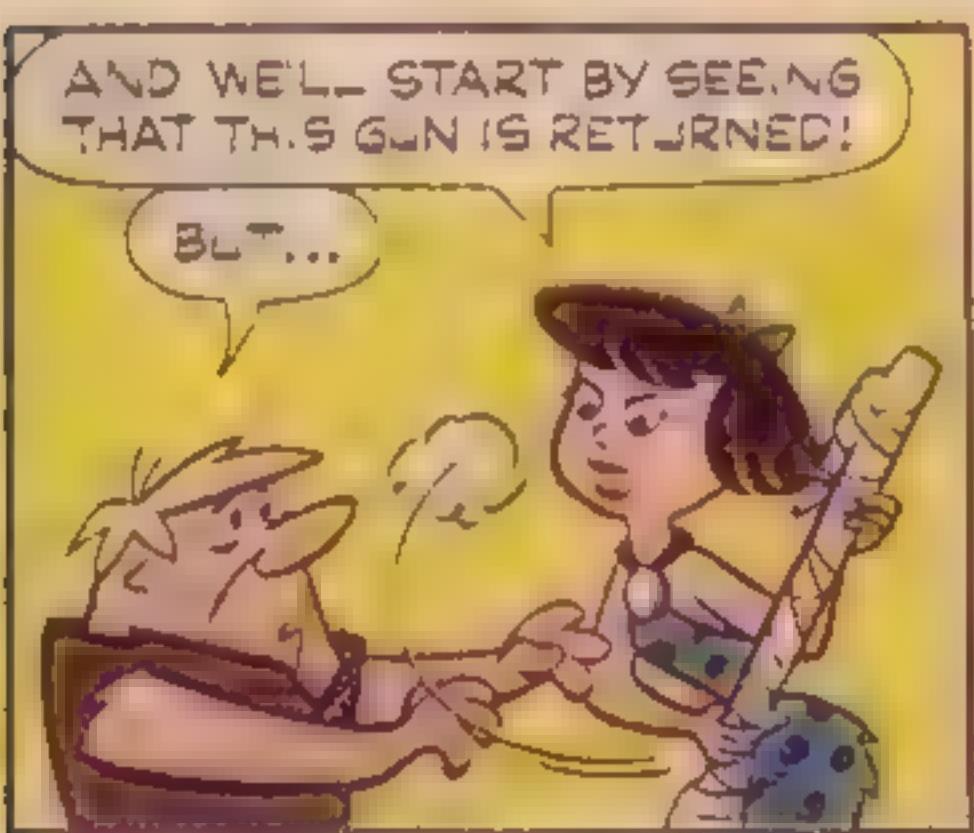


THEN...



AND WE'LL START BY SEEING
THAT THIS GUN IS RETURNED!

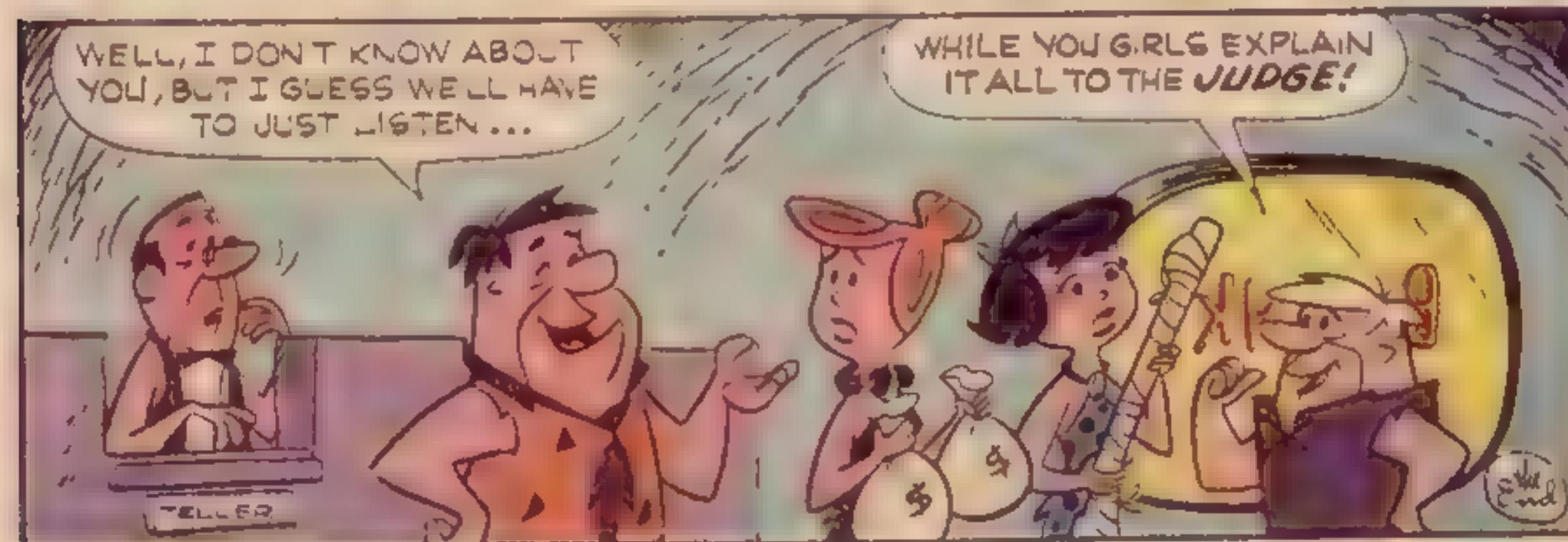
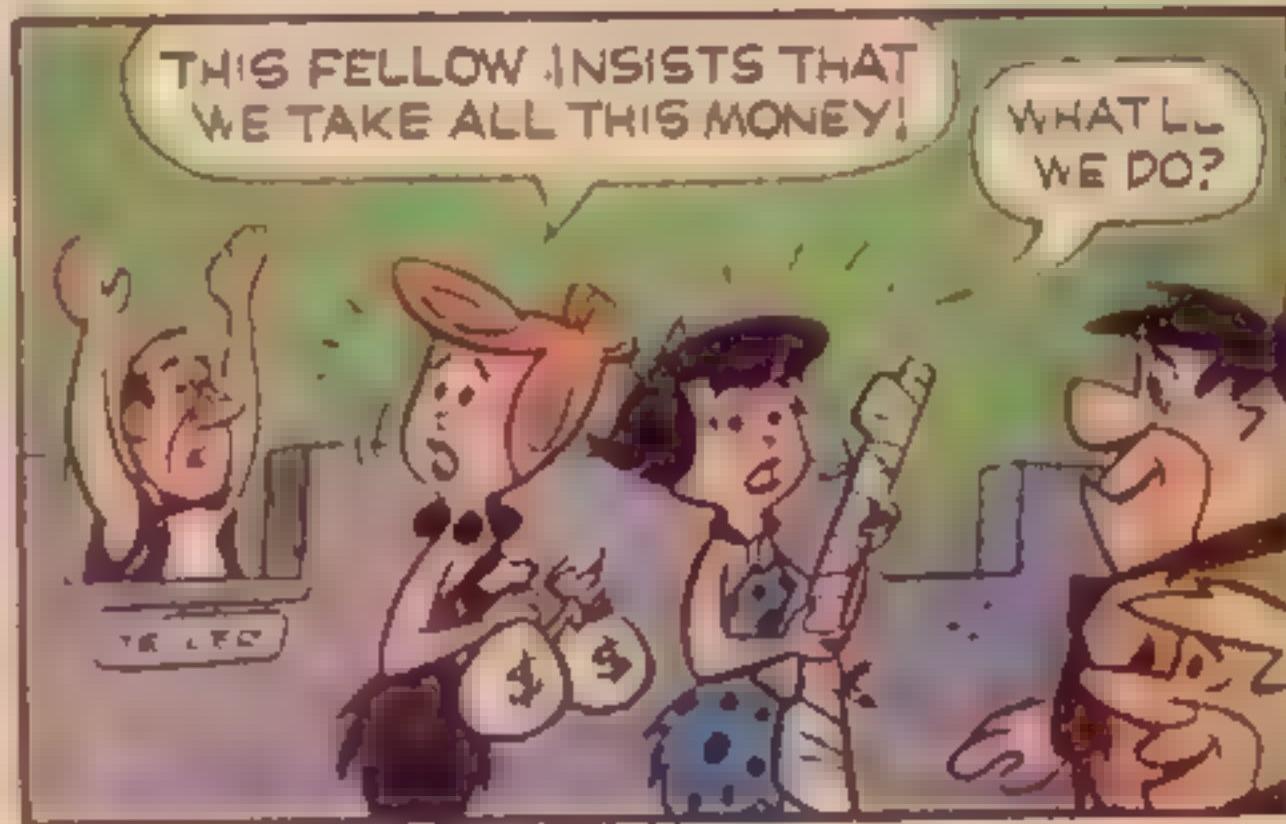
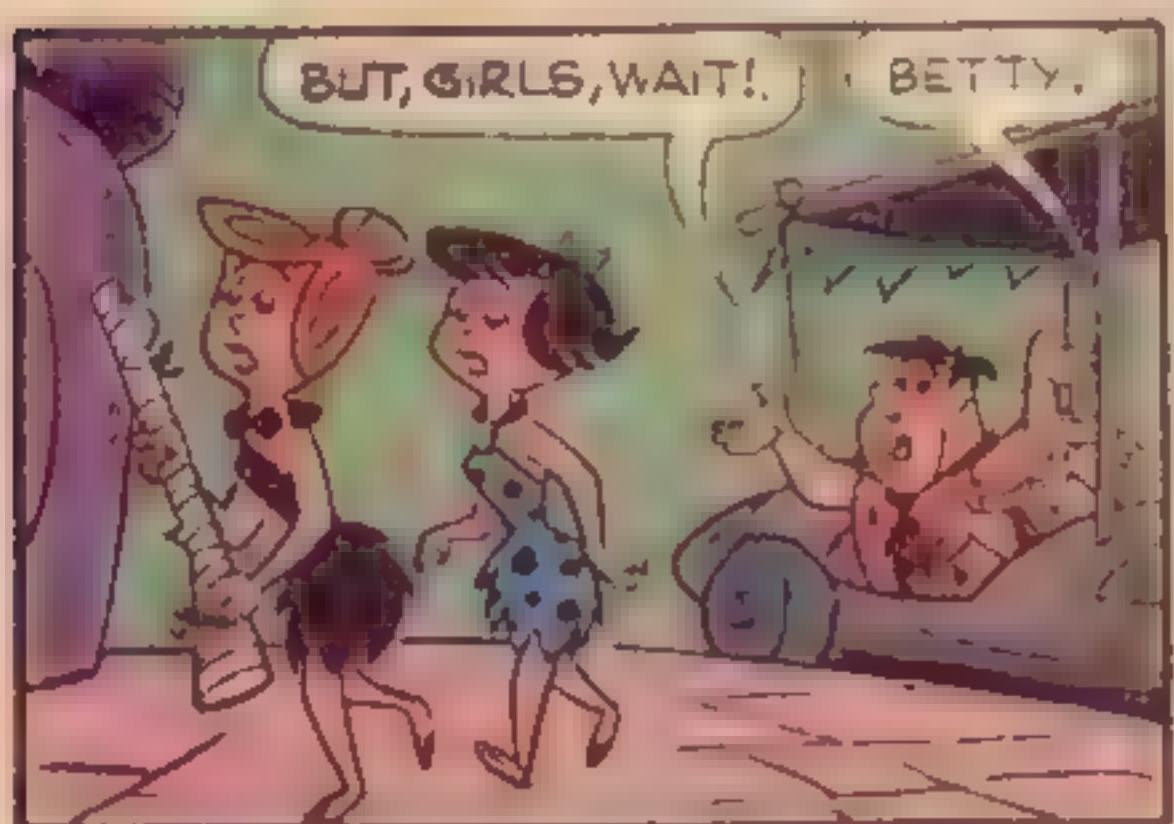
BUT...



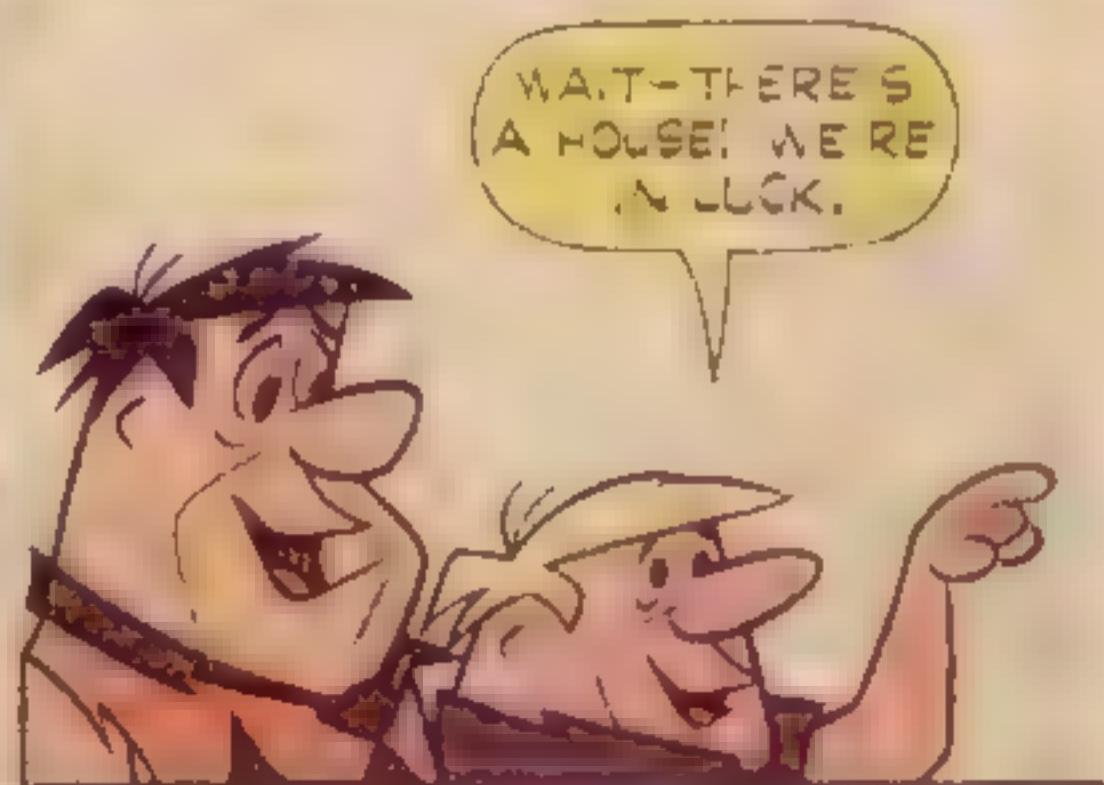
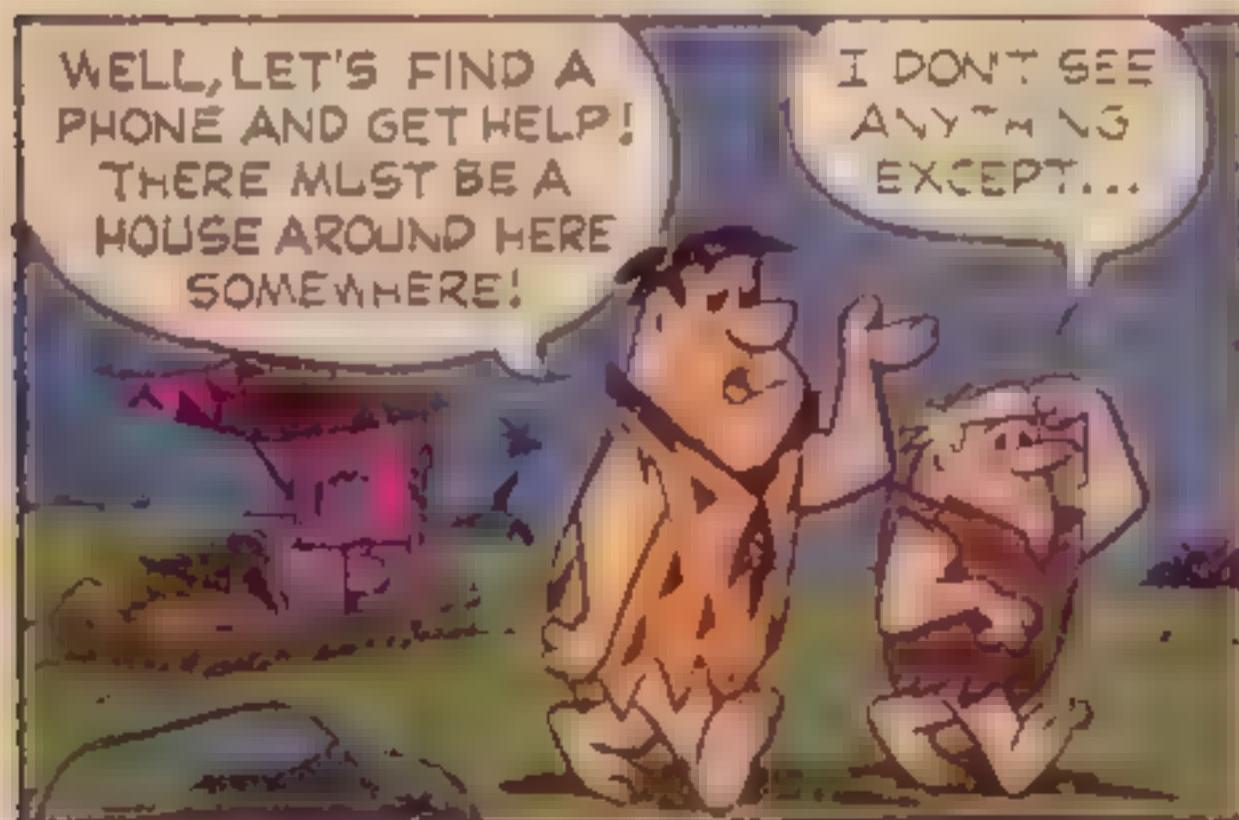
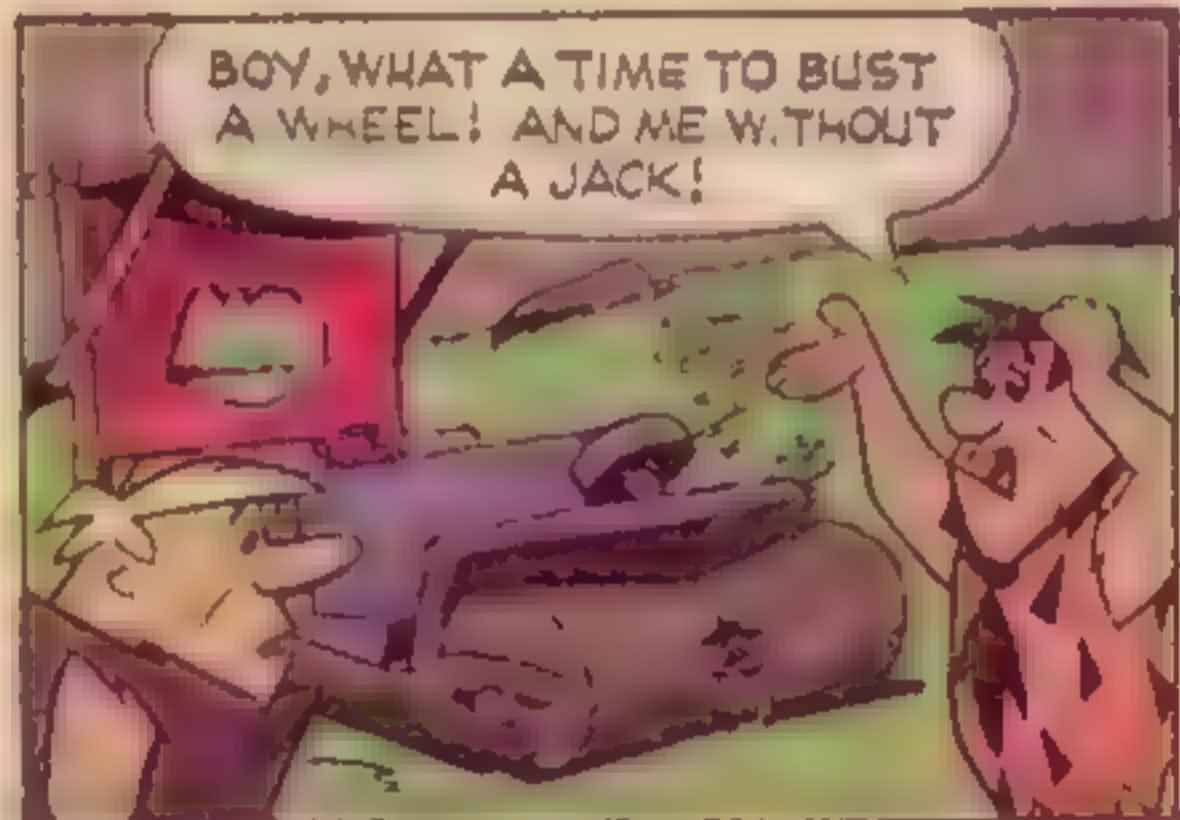
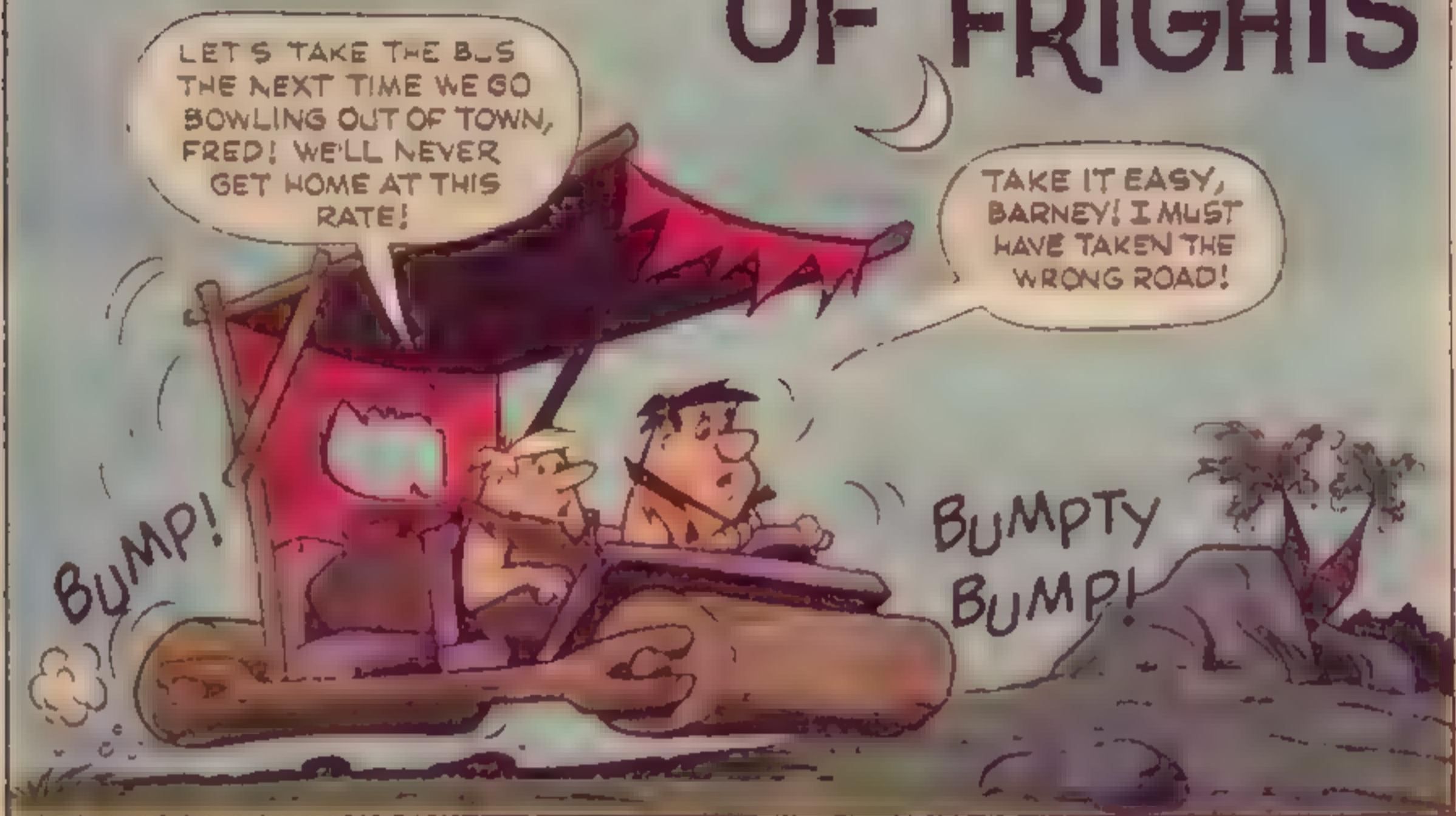
WE WERE GOING
TO TAKE IT BACK
ANYHOW, BETTY.

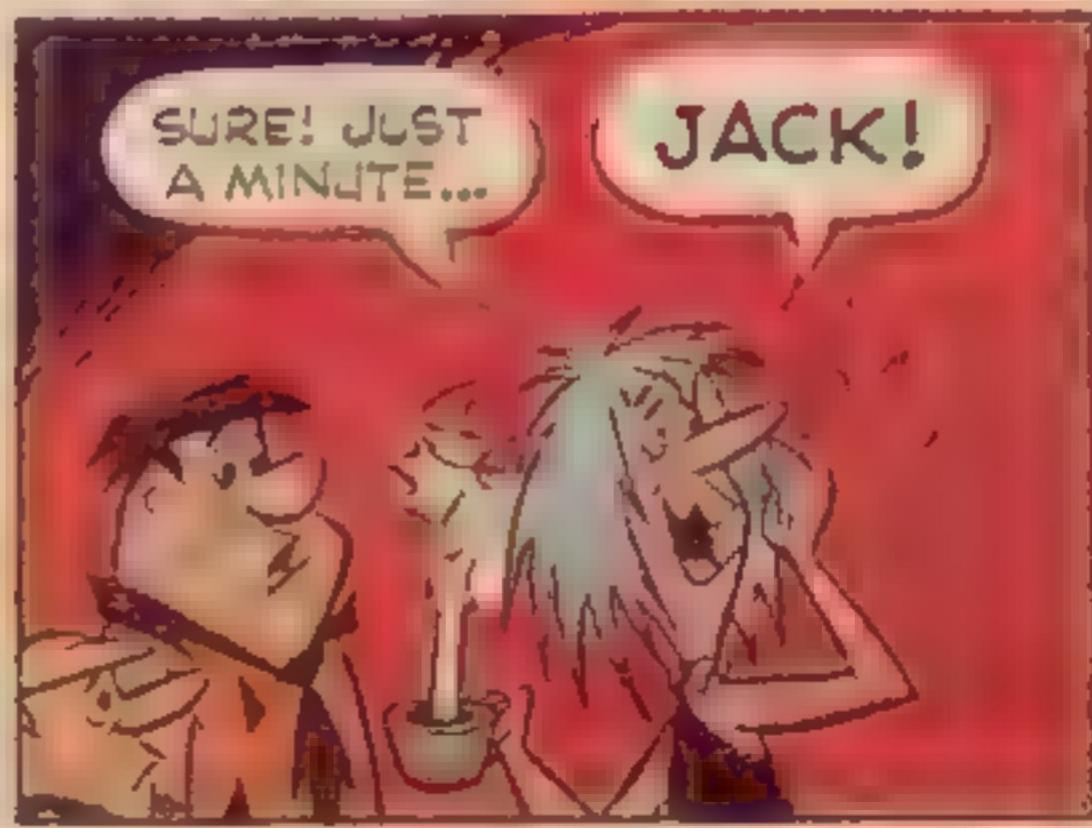
GEE, WILMA, LET US
TELL YOU HOW IT ALL
HAPPENED!



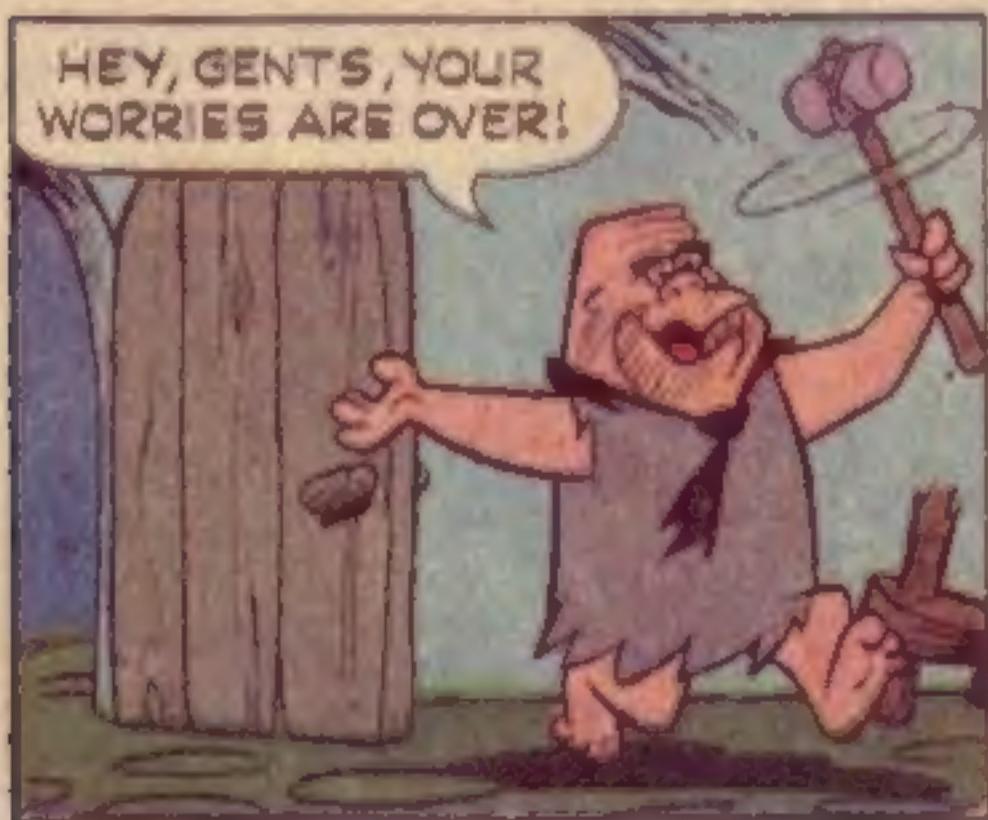
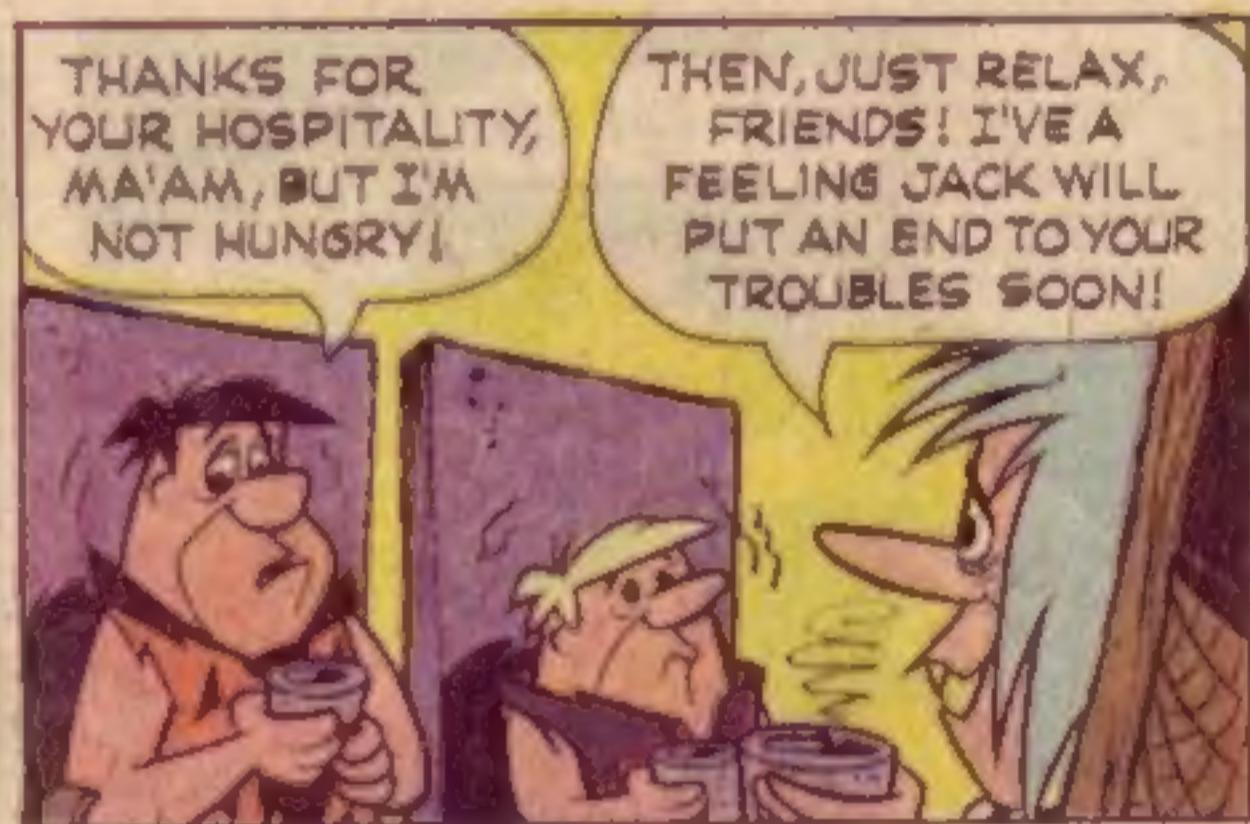
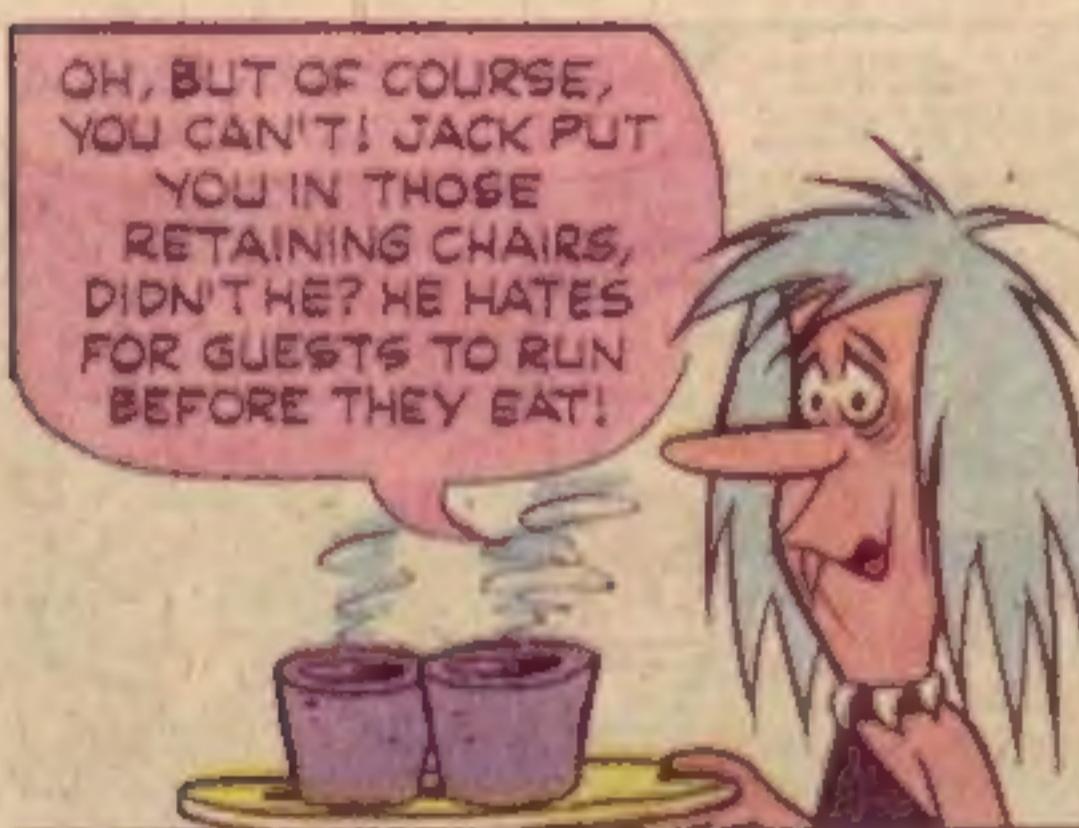


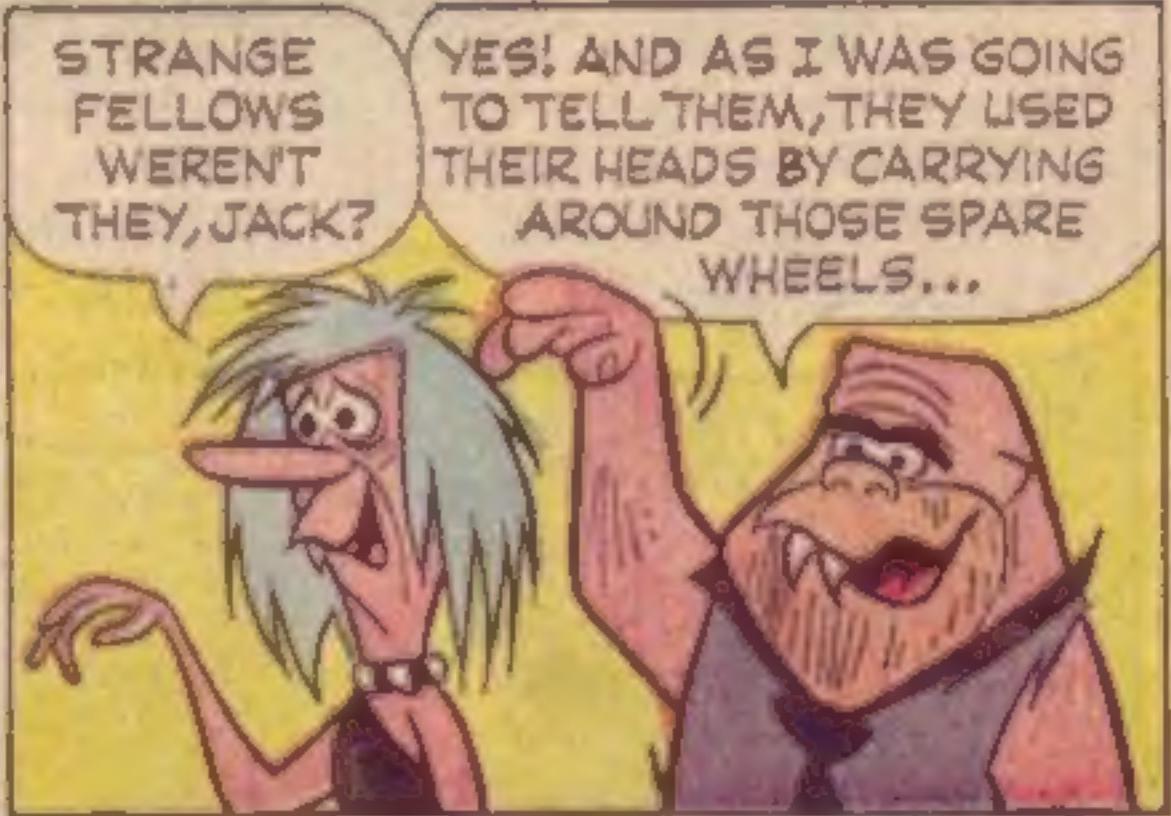
Hanna Barbera
**THE FLINTSTONES A SLIGHT CASE
OF FRIGHTS**











HEY THERE...
IT'S YOGI
BEAR!

A
ll the fun
of YOGI'S first
movie in a
special GOLD
KEY COMIC!

Ask for it at
your favorite
newsstand!

LEPRECHAUN

TRA LA LA!
'TIS LUCK TO CATCH
A LEPRECHAUN!



POOF!



'COURSE IF THEY DID—
THEY'D CATCH MY
LUCKY CHARMS!

'TIS A
CHARMIN'
CEREAL—
SIMPLY...



LUCKY CHARMS

NEW TOASTED OAT CEREAL WITH

MARSHMALLOW

BITS IN
LUCKY SHAPES!

'TIS A CHARMIN' CEREAL...
SIMPLY CHARMIN'



GENERAL MILLS